National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868. WHOLE NO. 1,458.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

SARGEANT BATES AT PETTUSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

MR. NASBY IS PRESENT WHEN HE ARRIVES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1868.

HAPPENIN to be in Washington at thes time Sergeant Bates, that noblest Roman uv all the Northern men who took up arms agin the Sunny South, wuz to arrive, it occurred to me that it wood be a payin investment ef I shood go out to Pettusville, wich is a butiful villege containin one dry goods store and 13 flooid groseries, sitooated about sixty miles from here, and witnis the reception that shood be given him. Wat transpired thrilled me; in fact, I never felt sich a thrill uv joy in my life ez I did when I saw this battle-scared veteran heave in sight. He came, proudly bearing aloft the Flag wich, when the South hed her rites and owned the niggers body and soul, in fee simple, wuz reely and trooly the Flag of the Free, but wich now that alars! there aint a slave under its shadder and all are permitted to do ez they please, is the symbol of the most oppressive tyranny wich the world ever witnist.

But, nevertheless, the devoshen to the old flag, wich a site uv it stirred up in the breasts uv the people uv Pettusville, reely surprised me. Never shel I forget the site that met my eyes. The Sergeant wuz met three miles out uv town, by a perceshun wich accompanied him in, marching in the followin order:

Band, playin the "Bonny Bloo Flag,"

Detachment uv the Pettusville Avengers, made up uv soljers wich formerly served in the 13th Virginia, wich wuz employed for fourteen months a guardin Andersonville.

Detachment uv the Pettusville Cadets, made up uv the sons uv Confedrit soljers who wuz killed in the servis, with black banners, onto wich wuz inscribed, "We will avenge our slain sires."

Quartermaster in late C. S. A.	Sergeant Bates proudly carryin the Amerikin Flag	Commissary in late C. S. A.

Four survivors uv the late onpleasantnis, carryin each a battle flag capchered from Wisconsin regiments.

Band, playin Dixie melojously.

Citizens on foot and hossback and in carts.

On strikin the corporation, the Mayor (Captin Badger, of Forrest's cavalry) and the town clerk (late uv the lamented John Morgan's command) appeared, and the perceshun stopped while the formalities wuz gone through with. The Mayor received the Sergeant in these words:

"SERGEANT BATES, SIR: Understandin ez we do, that yoo chivalrously made a wager (wich is a bet), with a Wisconsin ablishnist that yoo cood walk from Vixburg to Washinton carryin the Amerikin flag unfurled without being insulted nor nothin, and hevin receeved testimony from leadin Democrats uv Wisconsin, wich is entirely satisfactory to us, that yoo are not in no sense, nor never wuz at any time, in sympathy with the Ablishen, or ez they falsely style theirselves, the Republikin party, we extend to yoo the hospitalities uv Pettusville. And ez there are reporters present let me remark, sir, that yoor experience has showd how falsely we hev bin judged by the crooel persekooters uv the Northern States. You hev bin met on evry hand with nuthin but kindness. Southern hospitality uv the broadest kind hez bin extended to yoo. Yoo hev hed a chaw off uv evry plug—yoo hev hed yoor suck out uv evry bottle, yoor nose shows that sence yoo entered the Sunny South yoo hev not bin allowed to taste water, wich is our idee of hospitable treatment. Wat, my deer sir, does this go to show? Wat does this prove? Ef Charles Sumner, for instance, or Judge Kelly hed bin so presumpshus, or any other Republikin, ez to attempt sich a feet, the outraged Southern hart wood hev bin tored to pieces. Wat does it prove? It proves 'taint the flag we object to so much ez it is the men who hev bin in the habit uv carryin it. In the hands uv a constitooshenel Dimocrat its the same old flag it alluz wuz. In sich hands, its russle sounds in our eers like the crack uv the nigger whip, and the site thereof is soothin. For when the flag wuz in them hands, we hunted niggers under its folds in the streets uv Boston. Under that flag we shot Lovejoy in Alton, and sunk Bailey's press in the Ohio at Cincinnati. Under the shadow uv that blessid flag we sold niggers at auction in Washinton, and that flag, that symbol uv freedom, wood hev floated over the deck uv every slave ship wich sailed from Africa, but for the unjust and sooisidle laws wich forced the philanthropists in the biznis to sale under other penants. In yoor hands, and the hands uv sich ez you, the flag is to us the old flag it wuz then, and its sacred to us becoz under it we cood do all these things. That's why we love it, and that's why we tolerate yoo with it. Hed it remained sich we never wood hev raised our hands agin it. When sich ez Polk and Fillmore and Bookanon hed the controll uv it we wuz satisfied with it and reverenced every stripe and every star—the speer hed that surmounted it and the staff wich upheld it—for to us that flag meant suthin. It meant freedom for us—free trade in niggers—it meant Suthern soopremacy—it meant the rite to buy niggers—sell niggers—import niggers—export niggers—flog niggers—hunt niggers. So long ez the flag wuz sich we loved it. But when the North dispooted our control uv it and put in the hands uv A. Linkin, a Ablisunist, it wuz our flag no more. Then we felt it must come down—that its mission wuz ended, and that to us it wuz nothin. I fired onto that flag. I raised my hand agin it and proud I am. But borne by a Democrat—a old style Democrat—a Democrat who stuck to us becoz he wuz of nigger ekality, it is wunst more the same old flag and we reverence it. Why then, when yoo, a carryin this emblem uv the nashun's grander, kin walk all over the South, where all is peece and so much affeeshun is manifested for the flag why do they keep a army to overawe us? Why—"

A interruption here occurred. A shot wuz heard, and the crowd rushed to see wat it wuz. They returned presently. A funeral procession of niggers wuz passin thro the next street a carryin to the nigger graveyard a nigger soljer who hed just died of injooris received doorin the late onpleasantnis, and ez they marched with a flag at their head, the excited and insulted populis hed cleaned em out. Two uv em wuz shot and the preecher with em wuz left for dead. This over, they returned and the Mayor went on. "Sergeant Bates, I welcome yoo and with yoo the flag, to Pettusville.

Sergeant Bates replied briefly: "Since he come into the South he hed been treated kindly. In some of the rooral deestriks once or twice where the people in their deliteful unsofistication don't read noospapers, and consekently didn't jist know the objeck uv his carryin the flag, he wuz went for rather ruff, but a few words convinst em that he wuz sound and it didn't incommode him. He shood go North and shood report wat he hed seen and experienced. He shood usshoor his friends and neighbors that a Northern man cood live in perfect secoority in the South, without fear uv disturbance, and that—"

Ther wuz another ruther unfortunit disturbance here. A man from Noo York State who had lived in Pettusville some time and wuz suspected of Yoonionism, wuz in the crowd, and he injoodishiosly for hisself dropped a copy uv the Noo York *Triboon* he hed in his pocket. Uv course the exsited crowd went for him, and he wuz carried out in a minit. Sergeant Bates perceded:

"The niggers in the rooral distriks rather overwhelmed him with attenshuns but he hed no difficulty in shakin em off. Stickin a copy of the Noo York *World* in their faces did it. He cood say he wuz delited with his experience."

The ceremony bein over, the Mayor mounted his hoss and, one band playin Dixie and the tother the Bonnie Bloo Flag, the perceesshun moved to the town hall, where the Sergeant wuz interdoost to the principal citizens, incloodin the officers uv the Kuk Klux Klan.

The affeeshun displayed for the flag is rather techin than otherwise. I notist soljers in the servicc uv the late Confederacy, who kist it in the fervor of their devoshun. One man, who had served four years in Forrest's command, wept, ez his eyes lit unto it, and he remarkt that it wuz the happiest moment uv his life; and a lady, the wife uv an ex-kernel uv Lee's, whose buzzum was decorated with a pin made from a Federal soljer's skull, kist the corner uv it, pertestin that it wuz deerer to her than life.

I left Pettusville entirely satisfied. Our stump speakers hev now suthin to go on. The flag hez gone thro the South, its folds hev kist the breeze in evry Southern State, and its carryer hezn't bin shot on the spot onct. We kin now appeel to the people. Hed a Ablishnist carried it he wood hev bin shot. Can't they see in this the path to pecee? Can't they see how much more it would harmonize things of they wood let such men carry it all the time? Can't they see that, whereas, ther will be a continyooal hart burnin in the South ef such a man ez Grant hez charge uv the nashnel emblem, that all will be lovely and sweet ef it is given into the hands uv Pendleton? Sich is the lesson I extract from Sergeant Bates.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster).

FROM WASHINGTON.

LETTER FROM SARAH E. WALL.

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IT should be the concern of every woman to protest against the selection of Gen. Grant as a candidate for the Presidency. Although not yet politically recognized as a power in the government, she has so nearly reached the goal that few statesmen would be willing to risk their popularity by denouncing her right to the ballot. It lies in her power at this moment to say who shall be the next President of the United States, did she choose to avail herself of it. Doubtless with her present knowledge of men and politics Gen. Grant would be the person of her choice, as she is equally addicted to hero-worship with man. She is also equally responsible for those temptations which lure the unsuspecting young men from the path of virtue and sobriety, although unconsciously so. It matters little whether he acquires his first habits in the fashionable parlors of the wealthy or the miserable dram-shops of the poor; the blight upon his own soul and the curse to society are the same in both cases.

Waiving all discussion of political views it is sufficient for my present purpose to confine this subject to the one point of temperance. The time has come when the calm, candid sense of the nation is ready to listen to a topic of this character, and God will not hold guiltless the man or woman who, through indolence or negligence, lets the golden hour pass by in this crisis of the nation's destiny.

It is no light thing to trust the welfare of millions to the keeping of one man, and no personal consideration will justify us in placing any man in that office whose record can show not only that he is "every inch a man," but every hour a man. No matter what his deeds have been, nor what his merits are, if he has any failing which may by any possibility unfit him for the high duties of his position, it will be a crime to place him there. With the melancholy examples of Webster and Seward before us—than whom none have stood higher in the confidence of the American people, and none have sunk lower—how can we be so blinded as to trust any man of whom there is any shadow of doubt in this respect.

It will be a great wrong to him to place him in the way of temptation. No doubt he has given his word in good faith that he will never touch another drop, as what drinker has not? This is a painful subject to touch upon. When we reflect upon the thousands of promising young men who have been drawn into the maelstrom of this vice, suffering the tortures of hell upon earth, and sinking into dishonored graves instead of reaping the full fruition of those sublime powers which thrill the soul with their budding promise at the threshold of manhood, we ought to feel that no sacrifice is too great which may serve to protect the rising generation either by restraint or example. Neither is there any excuse on the ground of availability.

There is another, equally popular, whose knowledge and experience in the affairs of state fit him for such a station, and whose opinions on the various questions of the day are too well known to be guessed at.

It is true that it is scarcely safe to trust any man with certainty, so many have been weighed in the balance and found wanting when the hour of trial and temptation came, but the sin of ignorance may be winked at, while a sin against knowledge is a crime. If one should take a stroll some leisure afternoon through the houses of the various members of Congress at their dinner hour, he would doubtless see the bottle of wine where he little expects it, and no man is safe who drinks a single glass. So far as we know, Schuyler Colfax has been proof against this temptation, and his political record is probably as pure as that of any other public man. Men are too much engaged in their own schemes of private ambition to give due heed to this subject, or if they are not, experiences of this character have become so much of a second nature that they are passed heedlessly by. Woman's dark experience in the keen agonies of suffering entailed upon her by this vice should give her a power that would sweep away every other consideration, and demand of every man as a part of the legacy she bestowed upon him at his birth, that he should walk worthy the prayers and tears with which she accepted the responsibility of training him for immortality. It was no marvel to me that the temperance cause was a failure in Massachusetts the last year. As I sat in the great Mass Convention which summoned its fourteen or eighteen hundred delegates to meet in Worcester, not one of whom recognized women as in any way connected with it, I knew it must be a failure. The very element of vitality was wanting.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts while it recognized the claims of the negro as constituting properly a legal charity, denied the same to woman. Would that we had the wife or mother of a Coriolanus to head the long procession of broken-hearted wives and pampered children who have been the unfortunate victims of this crime, and besiege the door of the Supreme Court until it shall be compelled to acknowledge the justice of placing her in a position to protect herself.

She is not yet sufficiently aroused from her lethargy to engage in the work, neither does she realize her own responsibility. I have yet to meet the first man who is in the habit of using tobacco that was not ready to confess it was a bad habit and one which he regretted. There are young women who think it manly, and take pride in the curling wreaths of smoke and the incense of the fragrant Havana. No wonder, then, that the young men should walk the streets so unblushingly with a cigar in their mouths when they are met with the smile of approval from those whose duty it is to smile upon it with contempt. The man who, through the bad influence of associates, or his own evil propensities indulges in the anti-human and unbeastly habit of liquor or tobacco, has my deepest pity, but the woman who can stoop so low as to defend it has my deepest contempt—contempt for the folly and lack of principle which can see unmoved the Godlike in man prostituted to such vile and filthy practices.

Let woman speak the word, and how long, think you, would the halls of our National capitol be desecrated by the slime and filth which is enough to sicken any stranger threading its corridors, not already debased. Why should not smoking be excluded from there as well as from other public places? It is in keeping, however, with some other scenes enacted in the Capitol. It would be ludicrous were it not too sad, too witness the administration of government as now carried on. The same body which is sitting as a court to try a man who is arraigned as the greatest criminal in the land still honors him with the insignia of office, thus recognizing two distinct and opposing heads of the government. It will be a curious historical fact that the statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled by the hand of him who fellowshiped with the conspirators against his life if he was not one of them, and who was at that moment on trial for conspiracy against the nation's life. S. E. W.

LAND FOR THE FREEDMEN.

LETTER FROM MISS M. L. KELLOGG.

513 ADAMS ST., RICHMOND, VA., May 6, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: I write to give my testimony concerning the greatest need of the freedmen at present. *It is land.* For this provision everything waits. To one living among them and knowing their actual state this appears indispensable.

While special personal abuse has abated since the reconstruction acts, the old and long struggle for mere subsistence still continues, for the causes still remain. These causes are lack of employment, low or unpaid wages, and high rents; these again, have their origin in the hatred of disloyal whites to the colored people—and all may be referred to ignoring the principle that statesmen and philosophers have asserted, that freedmen should be independent in their employments of their former oppressors. This has been completely proved in the history of this people. I have been with them as a mission laborer for the last six years, and can testify that since their emancipation, their condition has been one continued and bitter struggle with the above-named causes. I think the greatness of it cannot be realized but by those who have been in the midst of it—especially those who have followed them through its labyrinths. And now, still having no hold on any land—still generally having so little employment—still the wages stinted, or unpaid—the struggle must continue. How can it be otherwise? The wonder is that so many of them have managed to subsist at all.

The majority here in the city that have been industrious, faithful laborers, are unable to get work—and their enemies always hating them and their elevation since the election, have ingeniously studied to deprive them of it—and those that obtain transient employment, are so often heard saying, "If we could only get our pay at last."

But alas, for those who are at the mercy of their foes in the country! Where protection is less, and they are more in their power in every respect, very many oscillate between serfship and the borders of starvation.

A little corn in the crib—the sole profit of hard labor for some landholder last year—is all the provision that multitudes have before they can gather anything another year.

I was told that some of the laborers in Caroline county, after a years' hard work found themselves but little better off than when they began, for the contractor after taking a large share for the land exacted so much of the crop for the use of teams and tools, that but a pittance remained to them at last.

In the same region they ask if it is not possible for Northern friends to purchase some land for them, and they will gladly pledge to pay for it in a reasonable time; they believe if this were done they could prosper apace.

In this and other fields and states I have heard the same inquiry. The masses both in town and country would seize the plan of a little land of their own, by sale or gift, as the greatest present good—greater to them just now than the suffrage right itself—because relief to their unparalleled struggle, and the next best thing to freedom.

Were the word to come to them of some plan to this effect, I am confident that in diffusing joy and praise it would be next to the Liberty proclamation.

I have lately seen an assistant committee of the Bureau who has had excellent opportunities for observation in the counties of Richmond and Westmoreland.

He says that in the present state of the freedmen there in regard to employment and land it is impossible for them, generally, to do better than secure a mere living, and he believes the true relief must come from a title to some land and independence of the whites; and that though with the eight men as protectors in these districts, glaring abuses and injustice might not prevail, they never can make headway without land.

An intelligent colored soldier from the country informs me that the very best they can do with such terms as the landowners give them, is to make a bare living. If they rent land to them it is always their poorest, and it takes them so long to "grub it up," as they call it, that everything is spent before they can reap the benefit. This is true of a circuit of eight miles with which he was familiar. I presume that a vast deal of evidence of this land necessity is before their friends, and that as the hour permits them they will strive for such legislation as will secure the desired result. Therefore, I write simply to contribute my individual mite of testimony that some land apportionment is the one great need for the solution of the remaining difficulties of the freedmen, and the complete opportunity for this external prosperity.

Respectfully, M. L. KELLOGG.

COLONIZATION REVIVED.

PROTEST OF THE PENNSYLVANIA EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE.

ADDRESS TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

ON Tuesday evening, April 28th, a meeting was held at Liberty Hall, Philadelphia under the auspices of the Pennsylvania, State Equal Rights (colored) "To consider, and take action upon the scheme for the foreign colonization of the colored people of the South." Mr. WILLIAM NESBIT, of Altoona, President of the League, presided.

The Business Committee, consisting of Messrs. W. D. Forten, O. V. Catto & P. N. Judah reported an address to the colored people of the South.

Wm. D. Forten, chairman of the Committee on Business addressed the meeting, speaking of the changes time had wrought in the politics of the country, congratulating the colored people upon their improved condition as a race, and warning them against their old insidious foe, Colonization. After some eloquent remarks, portraying the dark history of the Colonization Society, Mr. Forten read the following address to the colored men of the South and their true friends:

ADDRESS TO THE COLORED MEN OF THE SOUTH.

Brothers of the South: The war that like a blighting pestilence spread over the land has rid you and the nation of slavery forever; and in the new relations which you now sustain to the Government, as an integral part of its corner-stone—principal support and pillar of defence in the entire Southern section of the country—you are called upon to watch with jealous eyes every foe to freedom, true republicanism, and to your race. You are enfranchised; wielding the potent ballot; marshaling your hosts to aid the great principles which lie under the foundation of the Republic, and on which all our liberties rest.

As slaves under the bloody lash, you only were objects of profit, political preferment to the masters; and in all other respects, of scorn and contempt. But as freemen, American citizens, you are the objects of jealousy, hatred, and fear. The enemies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the flag cleansed from its former polluted stains by your blood so freely shed, tremble as they witness your devotion to the noble principles of constitutional liberty, which, through your adherence to the Government and the Radical Republican party, will be transmitted to millions unborn, without regard to race or color. This they know, this they dread; therefore they come to you with batteries masked, coated with pretended benevolence, love for all your interests—love for the poor heathen in distant Africa. Their emissaries enter your churches and households in the sacred livery of Heaven, stolen, that they may therefore more successfully serve the Devil, and with lying tongues tell you God wants you to go to Liberia. He intends you to return to that country to civilize the heathen, become great men, presidents, senators, statesmens, doctors, lawyers, etc.; that it is the finest climate in the world, salubrious, more healthy than this is or can be; that the only reason they don't go is because the wicked white people here—Abolitionists and Republicans particularly—have treated the colored people so badly that the natives take vengeance on all.

It is the richest country yet discovered, they say; grows more on one acre than can be raised here on twenty; wages five dollars per day. The Colonization Society will give you a one hundred acre farm free, fifty dollars for going, with free passage in the bargain. It is but a short distance, and you may return whenever you please to visit friends and relatives. They tell you you can never be men here, that the Abolitionists and Republicans only want to make you slaves; work you half to death, cheat you of wages—then, when old, turn you out to starve out the balance of a miserable existence.

Thus, with lying tongues, smooth faces, and false hearts, these men who by the foulest resorts, most contemptible and subtle, have sought for long years, by cruel laws and murderous usages, to make you doubly heathen here by denying you every right in common with themselves, and thrusting you from the pale of American citizenship. Invidious distinctions of every grade in church, State, and school, they have fostered expressly to make you miserable, unhappy, dissatisfied, and poor. Robbed you of all incentives to self elevation in this your own native land; turned upon you an angry public sentiment, maintaining that Africa is your home, and there you must go.

They have incited the hatred of the brutal, whose passions, inflamed by these slanders, false representations and constant denials of your birthrights, are ever ready to wreak a terrible vengeance on all that they have made alien in their native land. Once in their hands, and the homes, the friends, the relations which surround you, you will never know again. On their ships, and across the mighty, trackless ocean, you are lost and dead as though shut in the silent grave.

Brethren, under cover of soft words and pretended religion, it is expected to steal you from your homes; steal the lands you are now cultivating; steal from the government its loyal, brave supporters; steal from the Republican party, which has done for you and the nation so much good, its voters; hand over to the Democrats, the rebels, or meaner and worse, to the Johnson men and Conservatives, that mighty ballot which you are now wielding to their defeat and discomfiture.

You are to be coaxed away to Africa to die, that liberty may loose your support and the Republican party your votes, and thereby reduce the majorities in favor of freedom—defeat the constitution now forming in your States, truly republican in character, and in strict conformity to the laws laid down by the fathers of the Republic, and hand over to red-handed rebels and Democrats the control of the nation to insure its destruction. Brothers, be not deceived! Place no relience in men who claim to be actuated by good motives. Malevolent in their advocacy of colonization, 'tis safe to calculate on their knavery. 'Tis said that hell, the region of the damned, is all paved with good intentions, and we know that Man at the helm of State claims the virtue of good intentions, whilst his iron hand, with the death-grip of a demon, is fastened on the throat of liberty and the life of the Republic.

The presence of every colored man at his post is now demanded. None can be spared. The vote of one black man now—to-day—right here in his native land, is worth to the nation, to liberty, to the securing of our rights, as American citizens, and the establishing of the Republic on the eternal foundations of truth and justice, more than is involved in the civilization of all other parts of the world. 'Tis America that you have to civilize, to Christianize, and compel to accept and practically apply to all men, without distinction of color or race, the glorious principles and precepts laid down. This is the surest and shortest way to civilize all humanity. To build up a nation here, sacred to Freedom and Freedom's God, every man standing on the great platform of equality of rights and responsibilities, is the work of the nineteenth century, committed to the black men of America by the eternal Architect and Supreme Ruler of the universe. He will not hold you guiltless if you attempt to escape this duty, this responsibility, by permitting serpents in the black cloth of colonization emissaries to sneak around, and pilfer from you an opportunity in vindication of his own prophecy, "That the stone rejected by the builders shall become the head stone of the corner." Let no profane hand pluck from you the crown that awaits you if faithful in this hour, nor dim the lustre of the star of your destiny.

You must be every man a patriot and, under the outspreading banner of the Republic—with the Constitution in your hands—uphold with your ballots, and, if need be, your bayonets, the Congress of the United States, which is to-day, in obedience to the spirit of liberty, lifting the nation from the slough of Democratic despotism. Live here in the land of your birth, identified as you are with it by the bitterest and sorest sufferings. To it you are acclimated, its air is best fitted for you, and all your attachments to religion, family, home, and the sacred memories of the past, are as clearly interwoven as can the connection be between man and his native land. The fevers of Africa's dismal swamps, the burning, desolating sands of her deserts, are all strangers to you. Let these pale-faced colonization hypocrites, and their still meaner black apostles, who, for pay, are willing to crawl around, helping to swindle you out of your native inheritance go to those shores, breathe the full blasts of those deadly siroccos—inhale the malaria there—which will sink them to the dishonored graves, they designed for you and your innocent families.

We ask you by your actions to brand all statement of these men with the lie. Make them feel that you understand their hatred, and that colonization offers the means of getting rid of you: only for their benefit, for your numbers gives the control of the country to the loyal men of every color, and to them this is worse than death.

Your improving condition and adaptation to the new duties and responsibilities of freemen pierce the jaundiced souls of the prejudiced—lacerating like arrows barbed. The color which Nature's God has given you is no longer to be a mark of degradation, but a badge of honor—the true emblem of American loyalty—to be handed down on history's fadeless page.

Rising above the level of slaves to the full stature of men with the ballot in your hands—the inalienable rights of every American citizen—which gives to you influence, power, dignity and usefulness, the animosity of these men—the real enemies of freedom—is aroused, and they have determined on your ruin.

They feel it impossible to cheat you successfully out of your right to vote here, and they cunningly propose to steal you from it, and transport you to the grave of Liberia, and rid themselves of your presence forever. All classes of the government's enemies are found among these men—Democrats, rebels, and that lower strata of political sycophants—Johnson men. Will you basely consent to abandon this opportunity to benefit your race and the country which now recognizes you in every relation of citizenship, to gratify these panderers to the vilest of America's vices—prejudice against color? We trust not *brothers*, and ask you to employ all your influence to unmask their villiany. We do not propose to argue this subject or show the impossibility of colonizing the colored people, and that in forty years of infamous labor, at the expense of five millions of dollars, only about four thousand were exported to Liberia. It needs no argument. We brand it as an overgrown imposter, obtaining money under false pretenses, engendering and fostering a deadly prejudice injurious to all classes and to the interests of the country.

The unblushing, brazen impudence that dares dictate to an American born, where he *shall* go to *live* or *die*—the country he shall claim—the sufferings he shall endure, calls for nothing milder than denunciation and burning indignation. To ask a people, black as well as white, each bearing alike to the utmost tension of endurance, to launch out millions to export the loyal, honest laboring classes, at the demand of a malicious crew, votaries to a blind prejudice and hatred, which can find no justification outside of the wicked inhuman hearts of its possessors, is the "pound of flesh without the blood"—the added drop to the cup of trembling and invites your resistance to the extremity of the law.

We look forward to the day when, among the first acts of the Legislatures, of which you are to be component parts, it will be made a penal offence for these quacks and venders of noxious moral poisons to trample the new bed of American freedom. Colonization is recommended by Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of that dark Confederacy, from which the horrors of Andersonville and Libby Prison, the massacres of Port Hudson, Fort Pillow, Milliken's Bend, and Deep Bottom emanated, and which constitutes a record that makes pale the world-wide acts of the Algerian pirates. The men of the rebellion are with it; your former slave torturers are with it, and worse than them all, meaner—because he dared not risk his body to the chances of war in defence of his principles—there stands a man upon the summit of national glory, upheld and secured from that instant destruction which is his portion by the unchangeable laws of fitness, only through the self-respect and long suffering of a brave, betrayed people, who are heart and soul with it.

To-day God scorns him! all dripping as he is with perjury and crime, for at his door stands chargeable the massacres of New Orleans, Memphis and Nashville. In a few short days the sundered chain of the nation, long suffering, will, with a mighty crash, reverberate throughout the entire land, and an outraged people, rising in their constitutional might, hurl back to the dark abyss of infamy this scion of monster birth, the debris of the nation, elected by her struggling throes in her defence, the violent upheaval of her deep rooted institutions, and the death writhings of the slave-power. The man who sped his way to the chair—once filled by the honored Washington, by Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln—on the swift bullet of a murderous assassin, is one of the chief promoters of this scheme of African colonization, and this is an unanswerable argument, at least to every black man in the United States, for its eternal condemnation.

Brothers, not in the spirit of dictation do we thus address you, nor for one moment doubt your capability of managing your own affairs; but lest by the seductive pictures drawn by these wolves in the clothing of lambs you may be seduced and made the miserable victims of the basest fraud ever attempted on any community by professors of civilization and Christianity. To the principal features of this movement, which is being revived at this juncture of national affairs, we invite your attention, urging you to meet it as becomes men: First. The getting rid of your votes, which always will be thrown for the right, and as a matter of course against them, by begging you to leave this, the best country—and, if you remain firm in the present trying hour—destined to be the freest, and, because it is our own, the best adapted to all our interests. Second. Ridding yourselves of those low, contemptible men of our own color who play the jackal for these colonization men devourers for pay, and stamp us all with degradation deep and lasting.

The States which now by your votes are being dedicated to freedom should be too warm for their craven feet, and they should be thrust forth from your presence, marked and branded as was Cain, the first fratricide.

The efforts of the Colonization Society are now mainly directed to the South. Here at the North they rest satisfied with a few prayers for Africa, pocketing and fingering the cash of those whose purses outweigh their brains. The old staunch negro-haters—Protestants, priests, and dilapidated politicians—the men who would in obedience to their prejudice invert nature and strive to live on the receding past, and clutch with eager hands at the privileged idea that the two races cannot live together in one country—these men, who can never rise in progression's scale, because weighed down by their own prejudices, drift on to life's parting banks, and will, with characteristic consistency their hundreds of dollars made at some negro's expense—with their dying prejudices to the black man—to the most fit receptacle, the American Colonization Society.

But in the cities of Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans they have erected their marts to carry on this nefarious traffic in humanity, and their ships lie day and night waiting to entomb their living prey. This you should no longer permit, but to your Legislatures appeal for penal laws that shall make it cost something to kidnap an American citizen to Liberia, either by force or false pretence. You should implore the aid of Congress to prevent the deportation of the loyal, trusty laborers of the country, which is now by the wiles of the colonizationists extensively carried on, and create a sentiment that will make it but little less dangerous to trust a vessel with emigrants to Liberia than to the waves of the angry ocean.

Aided by *you* we may yet defeat all their plans, their designs, and counteract their influence; and to you we appeal, urging you, in the name of freedom and all its pure, elevating tendencies, to be constant, active, vigilant. The glorious day whose near approach was little dreamed of by the great men of our race who have passed their final account, and who laid the foundation of organized opposition to this fell destroyer of the peace and hopes of their race, has come at last to you, and you are citizens. The regions benighted by the dark reign of slavery are now made brilliant by the rays of the rising sun of freedom and complete enfranchisement.

Then wield your balance as one man, in defence of freedom, political equality, and an undivided Union. Fling to the world your motto, that no colonization scheme, no tyranny, no foes—foreign or domestic—shall ever cheat you out of your birth-right and national inheritance; and that this is your country, saved by the sacrifices and sufferings of the loyal and the brave, without regard to race or color, and by them must be governed, by them controlled.

MR. ISAIAH C. WEARS, after some forcible remarks in denunciation of the scheme offered resolutions enjoining the colored people of the entire country to be on their guard, neither to concede or compromise with the danger, to organize into leagues, etc., all of which was referred to the Executive Board of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights League.

The following from the Equal Rights League of Greencastle, Franklin County, was read:

Resolved, That we are opposed to all schemes of American colonization, and that it is the duty of the leagues to petition Congress not to appropriate any money to the scheme; that we as American citizens have planted our trees here and we wish to repose beneath their shade.

From the Equal Rights League, Bensalem, Bucks County:

Resolved, That we are decidedly opposed to any scheme of colonization whatever, believing it to be detrimental to the best interests of all classes of our people.

MR. WM. NESBIT, of Altoona, Pa., spoke at length of his experience in Liberia and read extracts from his work entitled "Four Months in Liberia." He concluded by offering resolutions declaring their detestation of the principles of the American Colonization Society; their determination to know no home but the United States, and earnest desire for self elevation and capacities for usefulness.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

SENATOR DRAKE'S ADDRESS TO THE RADICAL UNION MEN OF MISSOURI.

HON. CHARLES D. DRAKE, Senator from Missouri, in his address to the Radicals of Missouri, says that the great and vital question in this year's campaign in that State, is whether loyal men shall govern Missouri, or rebels, rebel sympathizers and bushwhackers shall govern it. He urges them to organize for the contest, and to remember that the opposition are crafty, watchful and active. Continuing, he says:

You will probably have perceived that these re-

marks refer not only to the coming election of officers in our State, but to that great question upon which in November next you are to vote—impartial suffrage. The pendency of this question is the principal occasion of this address. I wish to commune with you, my political associates, on that important subject, and, if I can, to bring all your minds to the conclusions of my own upon it. With the utmost sincerity I say to you, that I believe the honor of the loyal men of Missouri involved in this great matter; two ways involved; first in meeting the issue fairly and squarely; and secondly, in sustaining impartial suffrage.

On this first point, I do earnestly protest against any attempt, come whence it may, to avoid the issue, or to put it out of sight, or to ignore it. It was put before the people by a Legislature in both branches of which the Radicals had an overwhelming majority, and we cannot with honor do otherwise than meet it. I am prepared to meet it. I am ready to go before the people upon it. I am so because I believe it right to give the ballot to the negro, and wrong to deny it to him. I am so because, freed from the bondage of slavery, he should be freed from the boudage of caste. I am so because as a freeman he ought to have, as you and I have, the means, through the ballot, of protecting, defending his personal, legal and political rights and privileges. I am so because he, as much as I, is a citizen of the United States, and should, as much as I, have all the franchises of a citizen. But especially I am so because he has every way proved himself loyal and true to his country, though it had never been to him a country of slavery. If ever patriotism marked a race, it marks the negro race in this land. If ever a race displayed patience, forbearance, fortitude, courage, fidelity and truth, that race has. If ever a race showed itself worthy of full citizenship, that race has. Can these things be truthfully denied? If not, why should you not see the truth, and, seeing, act it out. Why persevere in injustice? Why continue a wrong? Why refuse to do right? Why in one clause of your Constitution disfranchise rebels for their unequaled crime against your country, and in another clause disfranchise the defenders of your country, not for crime, but because God made them black? If you say that I helped to frame that Constitution in that shape, I answer that I did; but I answer further, that I was then, as much as now, for impartial suffrage; but the Convention believed that if it had been embodied in the Constitution, in the then state of public sentiment, our whole work would have been lost, and our State lost, too, to loyal control. The imminent demand of the hour was to bar rebels out from the control of Missouri, and it was deemed most important to secure that great point, and leave the rest to follow in due time. That due time has come. A Radical Legislature has put the question before you, whether you will persist in excluding the loyal negro, along with the white rebel, from the ballot-box? When that negro asks you to permit him to vote, and points to his honorable discharge as a soldier of the Union against the rebellion as his claim, and you reject his request you say to him, in effect, if not in words, "Stand out there with traitors, for you are black!" When another, half white, stone blind from a rebel bullet, prefers the same petition, your reply is, "Stand out there with rebels, for you are a mulatto!" When still another, three quarters white, comes with scarred visage to make appeal, and tells you that in this battle, under Grant, he fought side by side with your brother, or in that, under Sherman, he saved the life of your son, you answer, "Stand out there with that gang of graybacks, for you are a quadroon!" When still another, seven-eighths white, stumps along on his crutches to make the same request, and reminds you that he was maimed for life in defending your home, your wife and your little ones from the bloodthirsty bushwhackers, your response is, "Stand out there with those bushwhackers, for there is a 'visible admixture' of negro blood in your veins!"

Men of Missouri! is not this so? Is there any other pretext for the disfranchisement of those brave men but that of blood? You know there is not. Had they been white slaves would you, in giving them their freedom, have denied them the ballot? You know you would not. Do you now believe them morally or mentally unfit for it? You know you do not. Why, then, proscribe them as voters? You know that there is no other ground for it than prejudice—a mere unreasoning, senseless prejudice. You have been accustomed to regard them as inferior—so inferior that, though citizens, they ought not to have the common rights of other citizens. I have in past years known somewhat of that feeling, but, thank God, I have outlived it, as I trust you have. I cannot face my conscience and longer cherish or permit such a feeling. Upon the commonest and plainest grounds of humanity, generosity, Christian magnanimity and simple right, I appeal to you to banish that hateful prejudice and do justice to your colored fellow-man for all his truth and courage and fidelity to you and your country.

History presents no such spectacle of a race long held in bondage and suddenly emancipated, making such earnest and steady efforts to prove themselves worthy of their freedom, as the negroes, old and young, of the former slave States, are now making. In the face of every obstacle which cruelty, tyranny, and revenge dare to interpose, they are pressing on in the pursuit of knowledge, and the day is not far distant—if, indeed, it have not already come—when a larger proportion of them will read and write than of the white people around them. In every other way they are laboring for their own elevation in respectability. Look about you, and see if it be not so. Don't take single cases of the opposite character, but the mass, and you will say, as I do, that they are honestly and faithfully trying to make themselves good and faithful citizens, and are doing it. They thus refuse every argument on the assumption of their inherent worthlessness when free. They would convince you that they are worthy of your confidence and friendship. They claim the right of all men in this land to rise if they can into a better condition. Why smite them down? Why keep them from making themselves as valuable citizens as they are capable of being? Why deny them a voice in the Government they fought to preserve, and now help, just as white men do, to maintain? What did you free them for if you will not let them be all that freemen ought to be, and have all the rights of others no freer than they? Why frown down a whole race that has committed no crime, done no wrong and against whom nothing can be alleged but the color of their skin? Did their color prevent your asking them to fight for your country in the hour of its deadliest peril? Were they anywhere less brave than their white fellow soldiers? Was there any difference in endurance and power between black muscles and white in the marches and battles of that war? Was not the blood that was poured out to save our country just as much life-blood when it streamed from the heart of a negro as from that of a white man? You know it was; and yet, while you honor and cherish the white soldier, as every patriot should, you repulse, keep down, and degrade the black soldier, if you deny him the full rights of citizenship; and this for no other reason on earth than the color of his skin!

My frends, let me speak the truth to you in sincerity. You cannot do this grievious wrong without dishonor to yourselves and your professed principles. You cannot do it without incurring the stigma of willful injustice. You cannot do it, and say that you have followed the golden rule of doing to others as you would have them do to you. You cannot do it, and maintain your present grand position before the country. You cannot do it, and carry your dead to the Throne of God for his approval. We must do right if we would be great. We cannot do willful wrong and be great, even to ourselves. For the sake of our noble State, for the sake of our own manhood and honor, for the sake of human rights, for the sake of that justice which no people can ever safely reject or deny, I invoke you to rise above all prejudices and in November next pronounce the word which shall at once enfranchise the blacks and proclaim Missouri free from the abomination of caste, as through your votes she has for more than three years been free from the curse and reproach of slavery.

C. D. DRAKE.

Washington, D. C., April 20, 1868.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston at the MEIONAION on Wednesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Messrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS, AARON M. POWELL, WM. WELLS BROWN, Rev. FRANCIS TIFFANY, JOHN T. SARGENT (and others to be announced next week), will address the Convention. The intensity of interests, moral, social, and political, involved in the present national crisis will undoubtedly bring together a goodly number of friends.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society. JOHN T. SARGENT, President.

CHAS. K. WHIPPLE, Recording Secretary.

IMPEACHMENT.

It is not too much to say that the nation stands utterly confounded by the present aspect of impeachment. Where precisely the fault is, coming hours will show. There must be crime somewhere. We defy the cunningest lawyer among the Republican traitors to sit down and, after full deliberation, paint a President who *would* be worthy of impeachment and not have the picture a striking likeness of Andrew Johnson. But disappointed ambition did not disappear from among human motives with the death of Arnold or Burr. A cup of tea spilled on Mrs. Mashem's gown upset Marlborough, and steadied the tottering crown on Louis XIV's brow. One woman's intrigue crushed Robespierre, and another's lifted Bonaparte to a throne. Why may not the same power bar Wade out of the White House.

It seems to us at a distance from the Capitol, that the great issue is lost in the maelstrom of President making. New party lines are drawing. The van of the disloyal host always began with Pendleton and Seymour. It closes now with Fessenden and Trumbull, if reports be true. Ill digested food and as ill digested law explain Fessenden. But who can fathom Trumbull, if you confine your analysis strictly to the Senate Chamber and seek no further? To us it seems as if some plot to nominate Mr. Chase lay hid under all this. If so Chase sins deliberately. And utterly untrustworthy as Grant would be in the White House, we would trust him sooner than Mr. Chase as the nominee of this cabal.

Perhaps we ought to be somewhat patient with Fessenden and Trumbull. They are only acting as usual. If Impeachment could have been kept on foot six months more, possibly these two Senators would have ripened to it, as they sometimes have done to other loyal measures. It takes about that length of time for a statesmanlike idea to penetrate their brains; requiring, as Sydney Smith said of a Scotchman and a joke, almost a surgical operation to effect the entrance.

For ordinary means the case is clear enough. We have read the arguments of the President's counsel, except that of Wm. Evarts: loathing the man too much to be able to endure his speech. No rule of the profession obliged him to take the President's case. His doing so will, rightfully, do more to intensify and deepen the popular belief that lawyers have no consciences than any professional act in this country; than even the heartless and infidel career of Mr. Choate, (we beg pardon of all infidels, but cannot think of a better adjective just now).

After this study, the case seems to us to be in a nutshell. The President did all in his power to remove Stanton. Thereby he violated a law. Has he a right to disobey a constitutional law? No. But if he thinks a law unconstitutional may he take measures to bring it before the courts and test it. Yes.

Quo warranto would effect this. Why did he not adopt that method if his only object was to test the law? Nothing but a guilty intent can explain why. Here then is guilt. If grave enough then depose him. All thoughtful and loyal men concede the gravity of this guilt.

But waive this. Has the President the right to disobey a law in order to test it? Suppose we admit that he has. That as Massachusetts made a case to test the Embargo laws and sent up Dexter to argue them; as Hampden tested ship money; so Johnson might do. What then? If the proper tribunal to try him for such disobedience holds the law unconstitutional, then his act is innocent and honorable. If such tribunal holds the doubted law to be constitutional, then he is to be punished. What shall be the measure of his punishment? This is *the gist of the whole question*. That amount of punishment will depend on the nature and measure of his disobedience. Like two neighbors in doubt as to their dividing line; if one puts a stake down just enough to assert a claim, giving his neighbor no inconvenience, then, even if the case is ruled against him the damages are nominal—one cent.

But if he unnecessarily annoys his neighbor beats his servants, maltreats his cattle, tears down his buildings, etc., then his claim being disallowed, substantial, adequate damages will be awarded.

So of Johnson. If to test the case he had removed some subordinate officer, or even the Secretary of the Interior, for instance; had he done some harmless act just enough to assert a right, even though found guilty the punishment would have been nominal. But when after *two such years*, after the plots against Grant and Sherman, and all the conspiracy this winter, he lays his hand on the War Department, it is like the burglar grasping your throat; it is evidence of most dangerous and felonious intent. Hence the punishment should be sufficient to cripple his power of mischief for all time to come.

Depose the traitor, detected, like Arnold, in a plot to surrender our West Point to the enemy.

Over such a case, *nisi prius* attorneys may quibble. But history will stamp such men not so much intellectually blind as morally base.

WENDELL HILLIPS.

HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL will please accept our thanks for the pamphlet report of his able argument for Impeachment, delivered before the Senate of the United States, as a Court of Impeachment. A synopsis of the argument we printed last week.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

WHEN Bunsen, in the noble work entitled "God in history," was treating of the spirit of humanity so conspicuously displayed in the early laws of the Hebrew nation, and quoting the injunction, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee"—he could not but think, (this part having been written before rebellion had overthrown slavery here,) and, thinking, he hesitated not to say, "How high above the law of the United States, as now determined, do these words of Deuteronomy stand!" It is a reflection humiliating to our national pride to remember that, for half-a-century past, the vice of slavery has been at least as conspicuous to the world as any of our national virtues; yet so it is. For thirty years before the rebellion there had been a protest, from a steadily increasing minority, against the continuance of that vice; but the majority of the nation, deliberately chose its continuance; and the thought of our nation, among friends of liberty and progress abroad, was always qualified and saddened by the recollection of this monstrous anomaly. While we cherished the fair fruit called freedom, we seemed equally to cherish the worm that was destroying it.

Slavery, thank God, has now been expunged from our laws, and prohibited by our constitution. This breaking of the continuity of actual despotism, whatever its immediate motive, is an immense gain. The rule of the slaveholder has been broken; the state of negro chattelism has ceased; our necessities, if not our wishes, have decreed that the dusky race, so long oppressed and trampled on, shall take upon themselves such and so many of the functions of freemen, as to make it certain that they can never again be held as slaves. To that extent we have insured the future, and taken a bond of fate. But how little will this avail us if we show, by the policy of this critical period of reconstruction, that slavery is yet rooted in our hearts; if we hold fast to its traditions, its spirit, its customs; if we incorporate into our new laws and constitutions the prejudices derived from it.

Are our stubbornness, hardness of heart, blindness of mind, to last longer than Pharoah's did? Shall not even the death of our first-born, in the late fearful contest with the slave-power, teach us to recognize the obvious truth that oppression necessarily tends to ruin?

Since we would not voluntarily amend our system, God has broken it, and by compelling a readjustment, has mercifully given us another opportunity of reform. The old machine, preposterously compounded of freedom and slavery, having parted, with a crash, it became absolutely necessary to reorganize. We have begun the work, and have been carrying it on five years. But, unfortunately, our movements in this direction all over the country, North as well as South, show that the poison of *caste* is not yet removed. We are seeking to retain under freedom one of the worst products of slavery. Republicans and Democrats unite in maintaining provisions of law, and in perpetuating customs, utterly inconsistent with true Republicanism and true Democracy.

Christians (so-called) unite in stigmatizing brother Christians of inferior grade, on account of the color of their skin, though they violate, in doing so, the first principles of their religion, and the plainest teachings of him whom they call their "Master." Men regarding themselves as decent, respectable, intelligent, moral and religious members of society, not only in the South, but in various Northern States, openly exert themselves to prevent black men from enjoying those rights of self-government to which the standards of their political faith declare *all* men naturally and rightfully entitled.

These signs show a deep and wide-spread depravation of public sentiment, alike in the political and the religious world. Our great danger, for the next few years, is that the nation will take, or will allow some of its constituent states to take, some ground less thorough than the concession of full citizenship to the colored race, North and South, East and West. No labor should be spared, no vigilance should be remitted, until this point shall have been gained beyond the possibility of doubt. Until it shall be gained, peace and quiet are impossible. The attempt to resume a course of national policy ignoring the claims of justice, gratitude, rectitude and national honor in this particular would show that the second revolution was a failure, that the essential element of the rebellion was yet unconquered, that Anti-Slavery labor must still be carried on at the foundation, and that every lover of freedom must again apply himself to her defence, leaving farms and merchandise, commerce and literature, the luxuries and elegancies of life, until the one thing needful is made sure. To go back now would be the most fatal, the most helpless specimen of apostacy. Now that the prestige, and power, and wealth of slavery have been destroyed, to cling to its relics and fragments as a valuable possession, and seek to interweave its ideas with the new era that now opens before us, would show the utter insanity that precedes destruction. The very name of the United States would become a hissing and a reproach, if we should thus at once desert our principles and abandon our benefactors.

Charles Sumner was right in speaking of the "*Barbarism* of Slavery." That system is indeed the perfect antagonism of Christian civilization; our only safety is to maintain a triple guard against tolerance of it, compromise with it, the admission of any of its ideas or practices into the new course of policy now to be inaugurated. "Barbarism," said Dr. Bushnell, "is the first danger." In our present position, no other hazard is for a moment to be compared to that which toleration of *caste* in National or State policy would bring upon us.

The time is short, the danger is imminent. Never was earnest work more needed among all who love liberty. Our political welfare, our religious duty, the voice of civilization, the mandate of Christianity, all point in the same direction. Our fellow-soldier must have his full rights on land and sea—in the house and by the way—at the polls and in the jury-box—in the Church and the State House. Nothing less will we accept in his behalf than "Equal Rights before the law." C. K. W.

THE NEGRO'S INSECURITY.

THE *Herald* detects and exposes the weak point in the Congressional plan of reconstruction, and indicates to its old Southern friends, the ruling white class, the way in which they may take advantage of it. Commenting upon Mr. Stevens's bill for the admission of Arkansas, it says: "The condition that the superfluous savagery of Stevens insists on imposing is in regard to the suffrage. *So soon as the State is in it is under the constitution of the United States; that fourteenth amendment is part of the constitution, and that amendment expressly leaves the whole business of the regulation of the suffrage to the States. Under that amendment the States have power to regulate the suffrage as they please.* They are to be admitted because they have ratified that amendment, but on condition that they shall not avail themselves of its terms and shall leave the suffrage absolutely as it is. Could visionary nonsense touch a wilder extreme?"

Though for a malicious purpose, the *Herald* states the truth in regard to that fourteenth amendment. The danger to which it leaves the blacks exposed, especially where they in a minority, may be easily seen. It is foreshadowed by the *Herald* in another part of the article from which we quote above: "Every election shows that only a fraction of the registered vote is cast. *More men are registered in every State than vote;* and in Alabama there were seventy thousand votes legally on the register that were not brought out in the contest for the constitution. This is so much unused power of the opposition; for all the votes not cast are against the radicals. Radicalism brings out its entire vote everywhere, but the opposition does not use its strength against these constitutions. *It waits to get in, sure that the constitutions can be taken care of in the future.*" We hope Congress will make haste slowly in the work of readmission of the "Reconstructed States," and meanwhile propose without delay, and require of all applicants for admission the adoption of another Constitutional amendment, which forbids disfranchisement, or any invidious distinction on account of color.

THE Republican National Convention to assemble at Chicago on the 20th inst., will contain a considerable number of colored delegates. As the votes of colored men at the South will really save the Republican party from defeat next November, if it be not defeated, there would be a fitness in selecting at Chicago one candidate, at least the Vice President, from among the competent, representative, and able colored men. Such a nomination with a platform demanding equal political rights, and ample provision for education to be embodied in the national constitution with a presidential standard bearer whose opinions are just and pronounced would awaken radical enthusiasm and be the precursor of success. Even defeat under such circumstances would be more tolerable than a barren empty triumph in name only.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY is in progress as we go to press to-day. Many of the friends of the Society from different parts of the country were in attendance this morning. Letters were read from LUCRETIA MOTT, L. MARIA CHILD, Col. Moss and others. Addresses were delivered by CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, WENDELL PHILLIPS, MARY GREW and others. In our next, and subsequent issues we shall present the proceedings at length.

PERSONAL.

Jean Ingelow thrice in each week gives a charity dinner to children, largely supplied from her own means. This she calls her "copy right dinner." In her own language, privately given, she says: "I find it one of the great pleasures of writing that it gives me more money for such purposes (charity) than falls to the lot of most women."

A cable telegram, dated London., May 9, Says: "The Right Hon. Henry Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux, the eminent lawyer, reformer, legislator, and ex-Chancellor of England, died, at his rural retreat, Cannes, France, to-day in the 90th year of his age. The news of the event, although his demise has been looked for at any moment during the past few years, produced a profound sensation, as the people realize that the last visible link which connected the present political situation of the country with reform, the anti-slave trade, and freedom of the press agitations of 1810 and 1812, has been removed at a most vital moment in the history of Britain.

Later dispatches from Cannes, France, state that Lord Brougham died easily. He fell into a pleasant slumber, from which he never awoke."

Harpers *Bazar* says:

"Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who has been living in England for several years, has a charming residence in West Brampton, a suburb of London, very near to his friend, Mr. Froude, the historian, and not distant from the house of Thomas Carlyle, with whom he is also upon intimate terms. At a few steps from his door he is able to take a swift river-boat, which carries him to Parliament House or to London Bridge, in the very heart of the city. Probably no other American since Washington Irving has had greater social success in England through purely intellectual exertions, than has Mr. Conway; and this success he has faithfully used to generate correct opinion concerning America. Mr. Conway is a very industrious literary man, contributing constantly to American and English magazines, and preaching twice every Sunday.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, May 12th, 1868.

TREACHERY impends. More, it has come. Fessenden, Trumbull, and Grimes have already declared for the acquittal of the President. But four more perjured recreants are needed to announce to the world that the American Senate surrenders the republican theory of government—the pre-eminence of the legislative power—to the moparchic usurpation of executive prerogative. But four more purchasable votes are wanted to betray the black race into the hands of malignant and murderous ruffians, the loyal whites of the South to brutal outrage, the Republican party of the North to destruction—its memory to infamy. That these votes will be forthcoming is not to be doubted, without giving a credit to certain Republican Senators for fealty and virtue which no part of their record can justify. And there are three classes of men in the Senate chamber, any one of which comprise the required compliment of votes to reverse the judgment of the nation and disappoint its just expectations.

First. Men like Fessenden and Trumbull, who have resisted every measure of the Republican party since the war began, who were the bulwarks of the rebellion throughout the struggle, as they have since been the chief opponents of reconstruction, and who have not before followed Seward, Weed, and Raymond, Doolittle, Cowan and Dixon into the enemies camp only because they remained within the Republican lines to complete the work which the others began—the more surely to betray the Republican cause.

Second. Those Senators—how many of them the record of Saturday will tell—who with neither personal character nor national reputations at stake are quite content to retire into affluent obscurity, bartering their country's peace and the future of the Republic for the gold of Wall street and the bonds of the whiskey ring.

Third. The especial adherents of Mr. Chase, who dream of that great third "conservative" party which shall unite the bulk of the other two, and wield unchallenged the destinies of the continent for half a century. This was the vision which Lincoln followed even to the brink of the precipice; to create this party Seward has schemed and plotted for the last ten years, Johnson supposed it organized at Philadelphia in 1866, and it was the same *ignis fatuus* which was believed by *Grant* promoters to be the pillar of fire which marked the course by which the old whig party ressurrected from ruins of the Republican organization, should regain a foothold and succeed to power.

From these three sources come our danger to-day, but chief of all the first-intent. Let no man excuse "conservative" republican votes for acquittal on the gratuitous assumption of conscientious scruple or of intellectual conviction, nor yet even of personal hostility to Mr. Wade. Fessenden and Trumbull and their allies hate Wade it is true, but it is not the man they dislike—they hate the principles which he represents, they hate *republicanism*. Rather than see Wade, Butler, Sumner, Stevens and the radical element of the republican party and power in the nation and in leadership of the party, Fessenden and Trumbull and their kind would welcome even Jeff Davis himself.

It is enmity to the Republican idea, and a determination to destroy the party rather than to witness the success of that idea, to which the course of Fessenden and Trumbull is to be attributed. With that course the merits of the impeachment case, the legal issues involved, the duties and responsibilities of Senators, the results to the country of conviction or acquittal, have just as little to do as they have with the course and conduct and votes of Democratic Senators—neither more, neither less. In other words it is partizanship, and not conviction—predetermined, intentional hostility to Republicanism and not "the Constitution" which governs, and by which these men are to be judged.

And their crime becomes the greater, because other men with other, and, if possible, baser motives for their course, can shield themselves under their example, and claim the same justification on the same pretence. The cant of "constitution" to cloak every usurpation, and the hypocrisy of good intentions to hide every betrayal, should be as well understood in Pitt Fessenden and Lyman Trumbull as in their protege and friend Andrew Johnson.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 11th, 1868.

DURING the past week a great musical festival, the grandest ever given here, has been triumphantly carried through by our Handel and Hayden Society. This institution, whose corporate existence reaches considerably beyond half a century, and whose labors for the diffusion of knowledge and taste in sacred music have a much older date, went on for many years in a steady and quiet course, conscientiously studying and practising the best old music of this class, regularly bringing out Handel's "Messiah" on the Sunday evening nearest to Christmas day, and collecting all available talent for the performance of Hayden's "Creation" and other great orations, as often as it could be done without losing too much money. In the old times (which many people persist in calling "*good* old times,") the "Concerts of Sacred Music" of the Handel and Hadyn Society were the only public performances given in Boston of a Sunday evening except sermons and prayer-meetings.

In the Spring of 1857, the Society launched out into the experiments, by many deemed a hazardous one, of a three days' musical festival. Its result was not discouraging, and in 1865 they entered upon a greater undertaking, with a confidence which was justified by the result. Their festival this time lasted a full week, and the Great Organ in the Music Hall; then of itself an attractive novelty, was reinforced by an orchestra of 100 instruments, and a grand chorus of 700 voices. A fund had been raised by liberal lovers of music to insure the Society against loss in these great preparations, but the success was perfect, pecuniarily as well as otherwise.

The Society have now entered upon a series of great triennial musical festivals like those which have long been held by English musicians in Birmingham. These have always excited among connoisseurs of sacred music an enthusiasm not exceeded by that of the frequenters of opera. In the entertaining "Reminiscenses of Michael Kelly" it is related that an English Baronet, who had for many years attended every session of every Festival of sacred music held within a hundred miles of his residence, was asked which of the chorusses of Handel he liked best. He replied, "The longest."

On Tuesday of last week began the first of the series of Boston Triennial Musical Festivals, with an orchestra of more than 100 pieces, and a chorus of 750 well trained voices, and with the best solo singers accessible in the country, the list being headed by Madame Parepa Rosa and Miss Adelaide Phillips. They have given us five great Oratorios, including Handel's "Samson," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Haydn's "Creation," and Handel's "Messiah;" and four Symphony Concerts, including the great "Choral Symphony" (9th) of Beethoven, and the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, never before performed here.

A most gratifying success has attended the festival, not only as a whole, but in each of its parts. In a few introductory words by Dr. Upham, President of the Society, on Tuesday morning, he called the attention of the audience to Miss Cushman's recent gift to the Music Hall, the busts, in heroic size, of Mozart, Palestrina and Beethoven, which were now first unveiled, in their appropriate places. The performances then commenced with Luther's great choral hymn, "A strong castle is our Lord," which gave full scope to organ, orchestra and choir; and from that time to the performance of the Messiah on Sunday evening, every session was an absolute and perfect success, both as to execution and attendance.

I have just seen a new volume of considerable bulk, entitled "Men of Our Times," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The persons thus distinguished are eighteen in number, and their portraiture is given in steel engravings of more or less accuracy, as well as in the letter-press.

As criticism, as well as eulogy, finds a place in this book, and as Wendell Phillips is one of the persons described there, I was curious to see what comment the eminent author would make upon the eminent speaker. She judges that he spoke well formerly, but that his urgency in still pressing the same theme on the public is an error, a blunder, a work of supererogation. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" regrets that, after the Proclamation of Emancipation, the mind of Phillips "was too much fixed on what yet was wanting!"

Probably Mr. Ruby does not share this regret, nor this opinion.

We hear, every now and then, of gross outrages upon the colored people, showing that their property and their lives are still insecure in every one of the States covered by the Emancipation Proclamation; and we have abundant evidence that in *all* the States, North and South, East and West, there is an active, an outspoken party trying, with all their strength and influence, to perpetuate whatever their old local customs may have decided in regard to the inferior *status* of the black man. It is the wish and purpose of a large proportion of the people of the Union to so guide the pending process of reconstruction that *caste* shall remain unaffected by it, and that the "emancipated" man, though ceasing to be a slave, shall not become a citizen. The proof of this has been abundant, conspicuous and multifor e whole periodical press of the country for a year past.

The subjects of these outrages are for the most part unknown to us. But the *Portland Press*, of the 8th inst., tells us what has just befallen an estimable citizen of that place, who went to live in Texas after the passage of the vaunted Emancipation edict, and after (what was thought to be) the suppression of the slave power. The *Press* says:

Here is a little story of a Portland man who is well known to many of our citizens—a colored man, but a thorough gentleman "for a' that"—which shows what a hold the blind and wicked traditions of the defunct oligarchy still have upon the Southern heart.

We learn from the Galveston *Republican* that Hon. G. T. Ruby, a colored editor residing in Texas and a member of the Constitutional Convention in that State, was subjected to the grossest indignities upon one of the Morgan line of steamers upon which he took passage to New Orleans a few weeks ago. The *Republican* says:

"When the a vessel had got to sea, on the collection of the fare and tickets, Mr. Ruby tendered the money for cabin accommodations to the purser of the boat. The clerk refused to receive it, stating that he (the purser) would not take the onus of making a precedent in Mr. Ruby's case against the rules or regulations of the boat. Several friends of Mr. R, were then called to witness his tender of cabin fare and the refusal thereof.

The matter was then referred to Capt. Lewis, commanding the boat. Mr. Ruby stated to him that, as a gentleman, he did not desire to obtrude himself on any one, but he wished decent accommodations while on board, for which he was ready and willing to pay, at the same time again tendering first-class passage money, which the captain refused to accept, coupling his refusal (after Mr. Ruby had indignantly left him) with grossness of language and deportment to Mr. R.'s friends, unbecoming a gentleman.

Mr. Ruby, under protest, then paid deck fare, and during the inclemency of a very tempestuous and rough Gulf passage, for the period of twenty-six hours, to Berwick Bay, was exposed to cold, privations, want of food and comforts—suffering physically and mentally such indignities as only sensitive minds can appreciate.

On arrival at New Orleans, suit in Admiralty was brought against the steamer Morgan, which, with her engine, machinery, tackle, furniture and apparel, was libelled by Mr. Ruby for $5,000 damages.

All who know Mr. Ruby, whether political opponents or otherwise, can bear testimony that he is a gentleman in bearing and deportment, dignified, intellectual and refined, and no gentleman would refuse him honor.

Does Mr. Ruby probably think that "too much" attention is fixed on those features of practical freedom which are "yet wanting" to the colored men of this country? Yet his troubles are trifling to those which a majority of his colored brethren throughout the South still endure; and the year now in progress is the time when the fearfully momentous question is to be decided whether *caste* shall be included or excluded in the work of reconstruction, and whether the colored people of the United States shall now enjoy those equal rights under the law which the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society claims for them, and declares it to be the object of abolitionists to secure for them.

In judging the work of another favorably or unfavorably, the critic necessarily sentences himself. Mrs. Stowe has now used her undoubted right to declare her opinion in regard to the continuance of Wendell Phillips in Anti-Slavery labors. Time will show to which of them this judgment will prove unfavorable. NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12th, 1868.

THE Republic has still four days' grace allowed ere its citizens will know whether they are to write themselves its rulers, or whether they are in reality subjects of Autocrat and Emperor, Andrew Johnson the First, by virtue of the decision of Republican Senators. By vote this morning, the court of impeachment adjourned until Saturday at twelve, and shortly after the Senate as such also adjourned. The cause of the adjournment was the severe illness of Senator Howard of Michigan, who was not able to be in the chamber without serious danger.

Yesterday afternoon and evening were hours of intensest excitement. I have noticed many "supreme moments," as the French say, but none in which such intensity of emotion was concentrated. The corridor about the Senate Chambers was filled with journalists, gamblers, whiskey ring lobbyists, and all the "birds of prey" and unclean beasts who have gathered about this carcass. Up to three o'clock the most perfect confidence prevailed. After that, as the defection of Henderson, Grimes, Trumbull and Fessenden was known, a panic prevailed.

The President and his intimates were confident all the time. They were in collusion with the gamblers, who bet heavily against conviction and removal, with the understanding, doubtless, that Mr. Johnson would resign, and so save their money, if it became necessary.

The friends of the Republic were equally as confident. Grimes and Fessenden were known to have left the majority. But all their party associates declared that Henderson and Trumbull would be sure to vote conviction on two or three articles, probably the second and eleventh.

Sherman and Howe were known to be in opposition to the first, but to be affirmative on the others. Not half an hour before Trumbull spoke, Senators declared positively that he would vote for conviction.

But the plot developed rapidly. Sherman spoke first, each Senator having fifteen minutes. Grimes followed in a plea abusive of the articles and eulogistic of Andrew Johnson. Then came several others—Edmunds Howe, Hendricks, until Henderson spoke. To the surprise of all but those in the plot, he argued strongly against the first eight articles, and was cut off by expiration of allotted time before the other three were referred to. Trumbull came along shortly after, and he made a bitter legal plea against all, allowing validity only in one charge—that of the *ad interim* appointment, without consent of the Senate. Fessenden spoke at the close of the afternoon in the same way. Neither referred to the eleventh article. Senators declared that the arguments they made showed evidence of great care, considerable time and no small amount of ability. No such plea in defence of the President was made by his counsel. The arguments are the work—when published they will show this on the face of it—of a keen lawyer pleading a cause and not of judges deciding a case.

The effect of this action can well be imagined. There are fifty-four senators, of whom twelve are Democrats. The others, forty-two, are Republicans. To acquit Mr. Johnson seven of these votes are needed. Four are secured already. The others esteemed doubtful are Messrs Anthony, Sprague, Willey, Van Winkle and Fowler. The first is a mere shadow of a senator—his proudest title being that of "respectable." He bows to men and ties himself in some estute law-monger's ear. When approached he sets himself up on his dignity and declares "men will vote according to their consciences," "that it was a mistake even to impeach," etc., etc. Yet his name heads the two votes I give below. So also with Van Winkle and Willey. His colleague also. Fowler alone did not vote for the resolution of February 21st.

The following is the resolution reinstating Secretary Stanton, adopted on the 13th of January last:

Resolved, That, having considered the evidence and reasons given by the President, in his report of the 12th of December, 1867, for the suspension of Edwin M. Stanton, the Senate do not concur in such suspension.

This resolution was voted for by the following Senators:

Anthony	Morgan
Cameron	Morrill, Me.
Cattell	Morrill, Vt.
Chandler	Morton
Cole	Nye
Conkling	Patterson, N. H.
Conness	Pomeroy
Corbett	Ramsey
Cragin	Stewart
Drake	Sumner
Edmunds	Thayer
Ferry	Tipton
FESSENDEN	TRUMBULL
Fowler	Wade
Frelinghuysen	Willey
Harlan	Williams
Howard	Wilson
Howe	

The following is the resolution adopted by the Senate in executive session on the night of the 21st of February last:

Whereas, The Senate have read and considered the communication of the President stating that he had removed Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and had designated the Adjutant General of the army to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*, therefore

Resolved, By the Senate of the United States, that under the Constitution and laws of the United States, the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War, and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office *ad interim*.

This resolution was voted for by the following Senators:

Anthony	Ramsey
Cameron	Ross
Cattell	Sprague
Cole	Stewart
Conkling	Sumner
Cragin	Thayer
Drake	Tipton
Ferry	TRUMBULL
Harlan	Van Winkle
Morrill, Me.	Wade
Morrill, Vt.	Willey
Morton	Williams
Patterson, N. H.	Wilson
Pomeroy	Yates

It will be seen that Fessenden and Trumbull have both recorded themselves as sustaining the Tenure of Office Act, while the latter joined in the censure of February 21st. How they can act as they now do, short of corrupt motives is a difficult thing to believe. Grimes and Henderson are consistent on these votes. They are not recorded it will be seen.

It is declared, as it has been all along, that Sprague will vote guilty. Both the West Virginians are reported to be openly for the second and eleventh articles. If the lawyers and corruptionists succeed in seducing Anthony—not a difficult task I fear—they cannot then carry the day.

This result has been engineered by much more astute brains than those of Mr. Johnson. Seward is at one end of the battery, acting principally by Reverdy Johnson, and Chase is at the other—acting directly. This is the conspiracy of the legists—men whose profession has been their chief claim on public life and the principal support of it when obtained. For sixty years the law-mongers—the mere word-splitting precedent hunters have controlled this Republic. They disgraced with foulest com

promise, bringing it to the verge of ruin; would have peddled it away in the same spirit any time during the early part of the rebellion, their so-called "practical statesmanship," had evoked, and now, seeing their power waning, that their era is passing, new men and a broader and bolder spirit coming to the front, they have banded themselves to prevent its triumph. The man who "never had an opportunity of serving his party that he did not betray it," has engineered the lawyer's reaction. Chase is at the head of this conspiracy. These men have united with the determination of ruling the Republican party, and ruining the Radicals. I don't believe they have been bought with money. It is ambition disappointed but still towering; a jaundiced malice and envy which sells country for personal gain. These men—Chase, Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, Henderson,—like Andrew Johnson have got an idea that they are above the people; Greater than the community and absolutely essential to the Nation's well being. In the vernacular they have an attack of the "big head." Such men are unsafe citizens of a republic. They are dangerous—according to the measure of their capacity and opportunity—as leaders and need curbing always. None are greater than the people. These men think they are. There's their mistake. They fight against it and become traitorous.

To-day it is asserted that there will be 36 votes on the 11th article, and the same number on the 2d. The tally made up is as follows: Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, *Fowler*, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill, Vt., Morrill, Me., Morton, N. Y., Patterson, N. H., Pomeroy, Ramsey, Ross, Sheridan, *Sprague*, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, *Van Winkle*, Wade, *Willey*, Williams, Wilson, and Yates—36. I have italicized those who in any case may be considered dubious, and have left out Anthony. Mr. Henderson offered to the Missouri delegation to send his resignation to the Governor, and in any case not to vote against articles for which he cannot vote affirmatively. Trumbull is like a bear and cannot be approached, Grimes nobody tries to talk too. Fessenden is very pleasant, but stands on his "conscience." He is badly afflicted in his old age. nobody ever charged him with the possession of very much of that article before. With Henderson not voting, 35 votes will convict.

One thing is certain, the country is aroused to a terrible degree. From St. Louis, Chicago and from various places in Iowa, telegraphic announcements of mass meetings which have been called—dispatches giving the denunciation of Republican journals in the States represented by Radical or doubting Senators, are pouring in. The Southern loyalists—a large number of whom are now here—will speak to-morrow night in terms unmistakeable, for the orator at a mass meeting they have called is Gen. A. J. Hamilton, of Texas. The soldiers and sailors, have a meeting to-night to elect delegates to their National Convention at Chicago on the 19th. They will speak unmistakeablely. Let us hear from the awakened. conscience of the Nation as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society meeting. our great Tribune—the truest exponent of the highest aspiration of America—Wendell Phillips, must be heard. Let his voice speak throughs its own sweetest tones and the pencils which take them to millions every minute—in "words that breathe and thoughts that burn." work! work! There is still time to be felt here, men *can* be made to feel the potent demands of the people. The question of the House is whether the South shall really triumph or not: whether we are to be a Republic or Empire: Cæsar above the law, or a Magistrate and amenable to the laws? Such a Cæsar, on what meats doth he fatten to this hideous work?

ASMODEUS.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1868.

THE STANDARD comes to us in its new Spring dress, with a neat and fair appearance, and presentiug a freshness that is pleasing to the eye. Its exceeding tidiness none can fail to note and admire. It wins our praise.

With the beginning of the new volume a fit opportunity is offered to renew expressions of welcome. The merits of THE STANDARD entitle it to an ever-cordial greeting. The cause it espouses, and the principles it so zealously advocates, invest its work with an importance of the highest character. The precious editorial contributions of Wendell Phillips are alone of sufficient value to evoke and establish a towering list of subscribers, and afford an adequate guarantee of success. Such an added worth must surely constitute a vital force in stimulating patronage. With unity of accord the readers of THE STANDARD recognize it as of paramount consequence, essential to their complete enjoyment of this valued journal.

We may all feel grateful for the admirable and edifying communications furnished by LYDIA MARIA CHILD, the perusal of which is an unfailing source of pleasure. They prompt the hope that the opportunities for this enjoyment may be of frequent occurence, and that the pen which she has employed in the service of humanity and of freedom's great cause for so many years, with uninterrupted faithfulness, may yet a long, long time retain its noble vigor, and continue to bless with its good work.

Mrs. Child, referring to THE STANDARD, declares that "money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party." Assuredly, it is no trivial matter to hear this distinguished champion of the right assert, that "such a paper was never more needed than at the present time." We can all join with her in heartily expressing thankfulness "that so many friends rally to its support."

It is gratifying to know, according to announcement, that "during the year just closed, THE STANDARD has held its own, and also made a steady gain in its circulation." It has, perhaps, not been exempt from hinderance to its prosperity, nor free from vexatious obtrusions that have had their influences in marring its peaceful course. Doubtless it has had to endure some circumstances that have had sufficient weight to disturb its tranquility, and its pathway has not been wholly unobscured by the shadows of passing clonds. At all times it has preserved its dignity unimpaired, and maintained with a steadfast eye to duty and humanity the faithful bearing of its way. Its work is not yet finished. The achievement of the special objects which it seeks to promote may be far in the future. As long as there is a black man in the United States deprived of the rights he is entitled to enjoy as a free American citizen, it has a place to fill and a purpose to accomplish, and should be sustained in a way that must insure a generous prosperity. May its honored and grand career cease not until we shall witness the full and complete triumph of justice throughout the land, with unfettered liberty to all the inhabitants assured and protected by the safeguard of impartial suffrage.

Soon the time will be more auspicious than ever before for the furtherance of radical legislation. If disappointment does not now lurk in ambush, soon to blast all our bright and buoyant hopes, the sullen obstacle in the White House will be removed before the setting of to-morrow's sun. As no other period has ever done, the next ten months will favor the spirit and purpose of radicalism, and present a golden chance that we should be proud to cherish, and vigilant in improving. The majority in Congress will have no occasion to fear the veto power while radical Wade is president, and the most liberal, just and progressive measures may seek the light, without hesitancy in regard to the two-thirds vote hitherto essential. Such a vote will be no longer required. That wise act which was consigned to a temporary slumber, providing for national enfranchisement common to all the States, obliterating distinction of race and color, should be summoned forth from its obscurity, and put upon its passage in this era of progress. We all know the signal importance of such an enactment, and the opportune season for its success should not pass away neglected. "We must take the current when it serves. The formidable encumbrance will be cleared from the field, and herein THE STANDARD will find a genial place for vigorous and assiduous labor:

> "Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
> That subtle Power, the never halting time,
> Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
> Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

W.

RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, a young Liberal, and a steady friend to America, brought into the House this week a bill to protect the property of married women. He proposes that a woman, after marriage, shall retain complete control over herfortune, and over her earnings, with liberty to sue and be sued as if she were single. This very moderate measure Mr. Lefevre supported in an able and moderate speech, pointing out that at present the end he desires is attained in the case of the rich by marriage settlements, but that there is no protection for the poor woman against the rapacity or improvidence of her husband. Leave to introduce the bill was granted, but there can scarcely be any chance for such a measure during this crowded and belated session. Once before, I think in 1857, a similar bill was ordered to a second reading by a large majority, but it never 'got any further. A bigoted hostility sprung at once into activity against this. *George W. Smalley—Tribune's London correspondence.*

"IDIOTS AND WOMEN."

LECTURE BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

ANNA E. DICKINSON delivered her lecture "Idiots and Women" to a large and appreciative audience at Steinway Hall, in this city, on Friday evening last, the 8th inst. The lecture is an eloquent plea for the full and equal enfranchisement of women. It has already been very extensively delivered by her the past season, and we wish it might be heard and pondered by every man and woman in the land. We present the following synopsis, though inadequate, from the *Herald:*

"There was an innate inconsistency in basing a goverment upon the principle that all men are created free and endowed with certain inherent rights, and still denying to women the right to wield the ballot. She declared that all conservatives from time immemorial had been opposed to any modification of existing custom, habits and laws. It had been the argument of every despot who wished to perpetuate absolute power to plead custom, precedent and existing law in his favor, and it was not without revolution of existing law that despots had ever in the past been overthown. "Who are the men," interrogated the speaker, "who are opposed to progress and freedom?" Every one of these men is in opposition to the remodeling of politics upon new and more abidingly just principles; every one of these men is favorable to the custom, law, habiti just as it is. But if women could not vote, why should they be taxed? "Taxation without representation is tyranny," said the fathers of the Revolution; and upon that principle they fought and suffered through seven years' war. And yet the sons of those revolutionary sires placed women in the same position in which England sought to place them. If a woman had property she was taxed to pay the expenses of the government, though she herself might have no voice in the government and could not be represented in its councils. It would be said, perhaps, that men represented women, but if it was said she would like to ask, "Who gave men the right to represent women? Had woman ever formally delegated man to make laws for her? to think for her? to act for her? to vote in her stead? Where could the record be found?" "It had always been so," was replied. Granted that it had, it did not follow that it always was to be so or that it was eternal justice that it should be so. If men were to leave alone that which had always been so, then there was an end of reform—of all reforms—and men were always to remain as their grandfathers were and to think as their grandfathers thought. But were the grandfathers so very wise that they could not judge wrong, legislate wrong, work out injustice under the guise of law? She had heard or read of a toad which could be proved to have lived a thousand years in the world, but she had never heard it said that this toad was one whit wiser than other toads nine hundred years younger. The fact was, man was never delegated to legislate for anybody but himself, and there were laws in relation to women on the statute books of every State in the Union which were disgraceful to civilization. A woman had no rights; if unmarried she was nothing; and so the selection was between husband or nothing; as Theodore Parker had said, "between two nothings." But it might be said that these obnoxious statutes were practically a dead letter. Dead letter were they? She had heard of cases where they were not exactly a dead letter. Not long since a man in Wisconsin beat his wife until, bruised, maimed, frightened for her life, she dragged herself into a court of justice and entered a complaint. The Judge decided that a man had a right to beat his wife with a stick no bigger than his thumb, and this wife was remanded to the husband's custody to be beaten whenever it suited him. A Philadelphia paper copies the account of the affair and the decision and comments upon it in a single word, "Good," meant, of course, to be exceedingly witty. Dead letter on the statute books, were they? A judge remands a wife into the hands of a brutal husband with permission to beat her whenever it suits him, and a leading paper in Phildelphia, the second city in the United States, comments "Good." Dead letter, indeed! If they had been a dead letter the wife would not have been sent back to her abusive master; if they were a dead letter they should be repealed, since they classed idiots and women together in law, in politics and in everything else in which a women might be supposed to foster any laudable ambition.

The remainder of the lecture was devoted to the advocacy of women suffrage, the way having been paved with the remarks preceeding."

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In a mention which I read with pleasure, in your columns, of the successful female physicians who are now adorning the profession in various cities, I regretted not to see the name of one who unites eminently their character with the earnestness and womanly bravery which years ago distinguished her as a faithful and efficient ally of the Anti-Slavery Cause. I refer to Dr. Amelia F. Raymond of Syracuse, formerly of Springfield, Mass. She was two years educated in the New England Female Medical College in Boston, graduated at the Pennsylvania Female Medical College, Philadelphia, and passed through the regular course of instruction and practice in the New York Infirmary for women and children under the direction of the Doctor Blackwell. Her practice gives unusual satisfaction and is rapidly augmenting,

A. J. D.

LITERARY.

James Russell Lowell has been for some time engaged on a new poem of considerable length. It is to appear in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly, and the title of it is,—"A June Idyl."

Mr. William Tallack is about to contribute his mite to Quaker Literature by a volume with the title of "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists," wherein he is said to have traced, for the first time, the doctrine and the constitutionalism of Quakerism to the old-time Baptista. His forthcoming work is said to be the result of a special study of widely scattered material, illustrating the personal character and private life of George Fox, and his influence on the religious life of his time.

In Baron Bunsen's admirable work entitled "*God in History,*" he speaks as follows of the religious consciousness of the Hebrews, manifested in their institutions, as contrasted with that of other Semitic nations:

"Looked at from this comparative point of view, the respect for the moral dignity of man stands out most conspicuously, not only in the relations of man and wife, but also in those of children to parents, and above all, in those of the wealthy to their poor hired laborers, nay, also, of the master to the slave. Where else among Semitic races do we find the inculcation of humane feeling towards slaves as fellow-men? Where such respect for woman, such dignity assigned to marriage? Where among any other Semitic people such liberty accorded to woman, or such female characters as wives and mothers, prophetesses and chieftainesses. No Hebrew, male or female, can remain in servitude longer than six years, except by their own consent; but even the slave of an alien race is received into the congregation, and if chastised by his master so as to endanger life, he obtains his freedom. The fugitive slave who has taken refuge in a city of Israel is not to be surrendered to his master on demand. How high above the law of the United States, as now determined,* do these words of Deuteronomy stand: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where he liketh him best; thou shall not oppress him." Corporal punishment for free citizens—without which a certain party in Germany think they cannot maintain their Christian polity nor satisfy their pious consciences—is utterly unknown to the original law in Leviticus. When it had afterwards crept in under the Kings, the Book of Deuteronomy restricted it to forty strokes.

"In all this the underlying idea is the strength of man's sense of the divine presence, and the belief in the sacredness of his person, based upon the fact of his being in the divine image. In one word, the precise reverse of the sentiments entertained by those among us who set up for being the special partisans of Christianity."—Vol. I., pp, 177,8.

* Bunsen wrote this about 1857.

Of the republication of Walt Whitman's poems in England, Mr. Smalley writes to the *Tribune:*

"The writings of Walt Whitman, which, on the title page of the English reprint, are described as poems, are reviewed this week in *The Athenæum*, with more respect than the English press has generally accorded to them. Mr. Dixon's paper thinks some entire pieces embody the vital constituents of poetry, viz., emotion and imagination; though of the greater number of pages it would be difficult to maintain that they are poetry in any sense of that word which has yet been accepted. The poem of the book is considered to be "A Word out of the Sea," which "conclusively testifies that Whitman can write noble poetry." This, however, is a verdict, not upon the whole writings of Mr. Whitman, but upon so many of them as his editor, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, has thought it prudent to put into English print. No publisher could be found—not even Mr. Swinburne's—willing to affront both the law and public sense of decency by an unexpurgated issue of writings which owe their toleration in America to their obscurity. In private, Mr. Whitman has been more or less a topic of discussion. I have never yet heard, from any competent source, a favorable opinion on his claims. I have heard but one such opinion from any English source whatever, and that was from a poet whose critical judgment may have yielded to his sympathy with the worst eccentricities of Whitman's muse. But there is plenty of stern criticism from men who are usually tolerant, and of contemptuous criticism from men who are usually merciful. Mr. Carlyle likens him to a buffalo, useful in fertilizing the soil, but mistaken in supposing that his contributions of that sort are matters which the world desires to contemplate closely."

The Cretan is the title of a very neatly printed eight page journal, the first number of which has reached us from Boston. It is designed to aid in awakening interest and sympathy in this country in behalf of the heroic, suffering people of Crete. We doubt not it will accomplish much good in this direction. We cannot better serve the *Cretans* and *The Cretan* than by reprinting the following from the pen of Dr. S. G. Howe:

WHAT IS CRETE?

What is Crete? Who are the Cretans? How came it to pass that fifty thousand Cretan women, children, and old men have fled from their homes, and now stand houseless, half naked, and hungry, upon the seashore, stretching out their hands and crying to the Christian world for help? Why do they not get help from the surrounding nations rather than ask us for it?

Why should we help them rather than other sufferers in foreign lands?

It will be the special object of "*The Cretan*" to answer these and other like questions.

The island called Crete by the ancients, Candia by the moderns, is the largest and most beautiful of the Grecian Archipelago. Stretching diagonally across the eastern part of the Mediterranean, it makes the great southern wall of the "blue Ægean," and forms the delicious inland sea where seem to float, "the isles of Greece," still gilded by the eternal summer which has made them famous in song.

It is about one hundred and sixty miles long, by nearly thirty broad. A range of lofty and rugged mountains runs through the centre, from east to west. These send out spurs northward and southward, which extend nearly to the shore; thus breaking up the land into picturesque variety. The mountains and hills, being calcareous, abound in caves and grottos, some of which are large and beautiful, but very intricate. Hence, perhaps, the ancient fable of the Labyrinth, in which ranged the Minotaur, devouring the "tribute children" which were sent every year, mournfully, in black-sailed ships from Athens. A fitting prototype of the modern Turk, who has made the whole island a labyrinth in which to run riot in beastly indulgence of sensual appetites.

Not even the vivid imagination of the old Greeks ever depicted in fable any thing worse than the Turk has enacted by law, and put into practice by force. In the beginning of his domination of Greece, finding that the fire and virility of his soldiery were dying out in repose following a long career of conquest, he devised a scheme more infernal than that which brought its yearly victims to the Labyrinth. Every fourth year, the subject Greeks were ordered to parade all their children; and the Turkish inspector selected from them the finest boys to be trained up as soldiers. They were torn ruthlessly from their parents, taken to distant homes, there circumcised, and trained up in the Moslem faith. Strong and vigorous by nature, ignorant of their own race and parents, petted by their trainers, who taught them only the art of war, they became fine soldiers. They were then enrolled in the troop of Janizaries, and were ready to burn their own native villages, and slay their own parents, for the glory of God, and the honor of his Prophet. We speak now of Turkish history in modern times. The likeness betweeen ancient fable and Turkish barbarism led to this digression, from which we return.

The seacoast of Crete is rugged and rock-bound, like most of the interior; so that the whole island would seem rough and stern in character, but for the beautiful halo which the half-tropical light throws over it, lending a perpetual smile, even as a sweet soul lightens and softens the iron features of a strong man.

Between these mountain-spurs, and along the shores, are plains and broken country of marvellous fertility. Oranges, lemons, figs, and other luscious fruits, grow plenteously on the plains; the vine clambers, the hills and the mountain-sides; and olive-orchards spread over the whole island.

Aromatic plants abound. and in the groves are many beautiful birds of song. The Kaja-bulbul charms even the stolid Turks.

In the olden time when Greece was the centre of light and of culture, Crete was regarded as the spot of earth most favorable for the growth of human beauty and strength. Hence the fable that the island was the cradle both of religion and of law; for there the infant Jove grew to be father and king of gods and men; and there Minos first embodied natural justice in written laws.

Homer, always graphic and accurate, called it the "Island of the Blessed."

The climate in Crete has peculiar charms; for there the tropical, the temperate, and the frigid zones seem to meet and blend. Dry, soft, and warm upon the shore and the plains; cool and bracing upon the hill-sides; it is icy cold high up in the mountains.

The shepherds who two years ago watered their flocks at the melting snow of Mount Ida could see their villages, and hamlets, and churches, scattered about in the dark-green forests of olives, and wide-spreading vineyards, or farther down amid the gardens golden with orange and lemon.

Those shepherds now stand there armed warriors bearing the flag of the cross; and they can see between them and the Turkish castles upon the coast, surmounted by the red crescent, only a land desolated by fire and sword, and scattered over it the blasted trunks and blackened walls which mark where grew their olive-groves, and stood their houses and their churches.

One of the peculiar characteristics of this beautiful island is its geographical position. This has been its bane and its blessing in past ages, according as war or peace prevailed in the countries round about it. Lying in the great highway between the West and the East, equidistant from Europe, Asia, and Africa, it is exposed to the devastating storms of war, and open to all the benefits of peaceful commerce. Hitherto, with exceptional periods, it has been in the war-path of nations, and been scourged by passing armies, who have used it as halting-place and foraging-ground.

The barbarians have several times swarmed over it like locusts, leaving the surface blasted and bare. Semi-civilized nations have rested upon it, and left as vestiges, not roads ridges and useful public works, but towers, batteries, and vast fortresses, the possession of which enables the Turks to dominate the whole sea-coast.

When the fierce and fanatical Crusaders went tumultuously onward to the Holy Land, Crete felt the woful effects of their presence. When the fiery flood was rolled back and the cross everywhere went down before the crescent, Crete was one of the last battle-fields. Commerce utterly died out, and a pall as of death spread over the island.

A new dawn has broken; and, if Crete is freed from Moslem sway, her great agricultural and commercial resources will be developed and her real value known.

Such, in a few words, is the answer to the first question, What is Crete? In our next, we shall answer the second question, Who are the Cretans?

S. G. H.

No appeal for help more deserving of generous recognition was ever addressed to the people of this counttry than that which comes at this time from Crete. Our readers may render timely aid both by their direct contributions, and by influencing members of Congress from their districts to vote for the recognition of Cretan independence. All funds that may be contributed should be sent to Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, Milk street; goods to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Bromfield street; and correspondence to Mr. James Redpath, all of Boston.

FARMING FOR BOYS. By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough. Cloth, 286 pp. Illustrated. Boston: Tickner & Fields.

A companion book to the above in style and elegance of appearance, is the story already familiar to many of our youthful readers who, we doubt not, will rejoice to see it in a form insuring permanence.

The author in his preface to this truly excellent little volume says:

"This work has been prepared to counteract to some extent the prevalent disposition for encouraging our youth to exchange the country for the city, to convince those already living in the former that their future respectability and happiness will be best promoted by remaining where they are, as well as to impress upon the minds of city parents that they will be doing for their sons an acceptable service by cultivating in them a love for country life in place of that for a city one."

A true country boy's book, the fidelity of its descriptions will be recognized by them everywhere, while the illustrious examples it holds out of tillers of the soil rising to eminence, while it cannot but instruct, will do much to reconcile them with what should be one of the most honorable as it is one of the most useful of vocations.

RECEIVED.

BEHIND THE SCENES. By Elizabeth Heckley. Cloth, 371 pp. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. Publishers.

ALCOHOL, ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS. TEN LECTURES. By Charles A. Story. Cloth, 392 pp. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, 172 William street.

THE TEMPERANCE DOCTOR. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. Cloth, 370 pp. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

OUR PARISH. By Emily C. Pearson. Cloth, 252 pp. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

THE OLD BROWN PITCHER. By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays." Cloth, 222 pp. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

Littel's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. An Illustrated Ladies' Magazine of Fashions. New York: Harper & Brother.

The Friend for May. New York: 131 William street.

Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. By Emeline Cleveland, M. D.

To the Editor of the Standard:

A QUESTION has been before the California Legislature of amending their present well-named "Criminal Practise Act," and allowing Negroes, Chinamen and Mongolians, to be witnesses against white men when an injury to their own persons or property is charged.

This rather reasonable amendment was passed by the Senate but has been defeated in the House. The action of the latter body seems to have aroused the wrath of the New York *Times*, which, in its issue of the 19th inst. comments upon it thus:

The State Assembly put itself deliberately on the position that any white ruffian might plunder and murder any half-dozen decent and honest Chinese laborers, and unless his deeds were seen by other white men, no court could convict him. We venture to say that no act in the code of the Inquisition, under Alba, or in the old English system of legal injustice against the Irish, or the laws of the South toward the negro, was more barbarous, cruel and stupid than this provision of the California law of the nineteenth century. It has not the excuse of the Spanish Inquisition, of bigotry; or of English tyranny, the pride of conquest; or of Southern cruelty, the stern necessities of a system of forced labor. It is the pure stupidity of race and caste prejudice."

It is evident from the foregoing that this carrying into effect the Dred Scott dictum is not palatable to the *Times*, and these are the means it suggests to curb such State legislation:

Whether California chooses to abide by this code of barbarism and bigotry or not, we trust that it will be seen to be the duty of the new Chinese Ambassador—Mr. Burlingame—to protest, both in the name of humanity and of the Chinese Government, against the acts of atrocity which we hear of weekly from the Pacific Coast, committed on unoffending Chinamen. Some protection ought to be afforded by international law to these oppressed foreigners, if State law will not afford it. And the public opinion of all just and right-minded men should be brought to bear promptly on a community which can sanction such cruelties and oppressions.

Instead of waiting for the Chinese Government to teach us Christianity from the lips of its ambassador, Mr. Burlingame, suppose we try to repent ourselves and do works meet for repentance at Washington. It is said that the Chinese are an inferior race, but the Radical Republicans at the Capitol have a patent for the elevation of such peoples. They can change "chattels" into "men" there in four years. That this is so, the *Times* is referred to the honorable testimony of the White Democrats of South Carolina, who have declared in their late platform, that only property and education are required to qualify negroes to rule.

We are the world in miniature, our posessions the fairest portions of a continent, and our people, an epitome of mankind. Our revolution was baptized in African blood, and almost all the great nations of Europe were represented by leaders in the ranks of our first army of liberty. All sects met in our council halls, the Episcopalian welcomed the Deist and the Catholic shook hands with the Quaker. Since the time of our fathers, these broad foundations of the temple of liberty have been necessarily enlarged, and, as the *Times* suggests, ought to be still further extended. There is but one power in the nation capable of performing this necessary task, and we must look to the Central Government at Washington to interpose the shield of its authority between the State of California and its colored American and Asiatic victims. Probably this can best be done by arming the latter with the political power to protect themselves. Whatever sceptics may think, there are things that must soon be released from subjection to State authority; they are, the social rights of mankind and the political rights of citizens of the United States.

R. W. H.

SOUTHERN WIT.

THE following epitaph is taken from a Georgia newspaper lately issued:

Sam,
A Native of Yazoo county, Mississippi;
Born a Slave;
Bred a Slave;
He starved to death a free
American citizen.
His
Career was brief—an excellent field
hand and a loyal soldier, and
a patriotic citizen, who voted
often and earnestly;
being suddenly deserted
by his carpet-bag friends,
he sickened and died
of too much
Liberty
and
Too little—Grub.

It is suggested that a little more Congressional training will probably improve the style, which is rather too diffuse at present. Let us hope that the time will come when the Georgians will deem the following legend more suitable to the above case:

"Better to die a freeman, than live a slave."

Wonder what they propose to place over the remains of Mr. Ashland who was lately murdered at Columbia; probably their modesty will accept this motto in lieu of a better:

"SLAIN BY A SURFEIT
OF
SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION."

R. W. H.

GEN. LEE'S LATE SLAVES.

A correspondent of the Cincinnatti *Commercial*, who has been visiting the freedmen's village at Arlington, writes as follows respecting the former slaves of Gen. Robert E. Lee: "From the straight, smooth, white buildings of the freedmen's village, I turned down a path in the fields to an ancient log-cabin. Dogs barked in the yard. The logs of the house were cemented together with white-washed mortar. An old yellow woman, past sixty years of age, sat within, beside a yellow boy who was studying a speller.

"Is this one of Gen. Lee's cabins?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you one of Gen. Lee's servants?"

"Yes sir, I am. Will you come in gentlemen?"

It was one of those tidy "family servants" that are apt to impress a man with the exceptional beneficence of slavery, a half-aristocratic old lady, with a tidy dress, a turbaned head, and a work-basket. A cook-stove sat by the little chimney, a yellow cupboard, no bigger than a hand-organ, thrown wide open, exhibited the red-figured dishes. The room was about seven feet square, and was white-washed wondrously.

"Is that your son, aunty?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, looking through infinite distance at the yellow boy, "he come from Texas, or some of them countries. Where do it be, Dolphus?"

"Awkansaw, five miles an' a half from Hot Springs," says Dolphus.

"I suppose, aunty, that these are sad times compared to the good old days up at Arlington, yonder?"

"Dese days are a great deal better, sir."

"Why, was not Gen. Lee a good master?"

"He wes de worst man ever I see." said the old woman. "He used to have po' souls cut most to pieces by de constable out here, and afterward he made his overseer wash dere backs wi' brine."

These being odd tidings, and contrary ones to hear of the Lees, I said to the old lady:

"But Mrs. Lee everybody thinks to be a good woman."

"I don't call no woman good, gentlemen," said the old lady, "who cheats po' souls out of dere time. Mr. Custie left all us people on the place fifty dollars, and sot us free. Gen. Lee an' his wife kep our money. Dey sold all my children away off Souf, and dey kep five year of my time and my old man's."

Conceiving that some mistake might have been made by the old lady as to the terms of the Custis will, I nevertheless heard, with surprise, her arraignment of Gen. Lee as a cold-blooded, exacting military master, and this feeling was shared in common by all the surviving negroes of the estate, six families in all. Gen. Lee has been three times to Arlington since the war, but has avoided visiting his old servants. The old lady said that she had heard from several of her sons, but that none of them could visit her, by the long distance intervening between them.

MARRIED.

RICHMOND—BARTON.—At the residence of the bride's sister, Andover, Alleghany, Co., N. Y., Feb. 17th, by Rev. Mr. Fillmore, RUFUS R. RICHMOND, of Adel, Iowa, formerly of Columbia Co., N. Y., to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Solomon Barton, of Philmont, Col. Co., N. Y.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Plymouth, on Monday, May 4th, Mrs. Caroline M. Spear. Thus, one by one, the hands which have clasped ours in long years of earnest labor and close sympathy relax their hold and pass on to broader fields. Mrs. Spear was, we believe, the last survivor of that well known group of sisters, the Allens—for so many years devoted workers in every field of reform, of gentlest manners, fine culture, tireless energy and most efficient n all good works, no Abolitionist will ever forget them. Mrs. Spear was peculiarly devoted. Her faith often held up the failing hearts of others. No difficulty discouraged, no drudgery chilled her zeal. That sunny face was a perpetual benediction in our meetings. Her vigilance continued unrelaxed to the end. Cheerfully accepting the new responsibilities which the war has imposed, she never forgot the old. Devoted to the education of the freedmen she kept her watchful eye ever on his *rights*. She died with hands still busy and bearing on her heart every good cause. Religious liberty, Temperance, Merciful Laws, Women's Rights, Equal Liberty and Impartial justice for every race.

PROTECTION FOR THE INDIANS.

A PUBLIC meeting will be held in Cooper's Institute on Monday May 18, at 7 1-2 o'clock P. M., to adopt a memorial to Congress for the protection of the Indians in the newly acquired territory of Alaska from unjust aggression, and to prevent Indian wars in all the States and Territories under the control of the American government. Facts of great national importance will be presented on the occasion. Admission free.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Twentieth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 3d, 4th, and 5th days of June next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A cordial invitation is extented to all, of whatever name or connection, who are interested in the great themes of growth and progress for man; all, especially, who are looking hopefully for the better day of Light and Freedom and broad human Religion, which we trust is at hand, to be present and join with us in our deliberations.

Able and instructive speakers have beee invited and are expected to attend, among whom are the following: DR. LYDIA A. STROWBRIDGE, AARON M. POWELL, LUCY STONE, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, CHARLES D. B. MILLS, GILES B. STEBBINS and GEO. W. TAYLOR.

Music by JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to PHEBE B. DEAN, Waterloo, N. Y.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

WATERLOO, N. Y., May, 1868.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association (which was organized at the Convention in Horticultural Hall in Boston last May) is to be held in Boston on the 28th and 29th of this present May.

The meeting will begin on Thursday, the 28th, at 3 P. M., with a session for business (the election of officers, hearing of reports, etc.,) at the Parker Fraternity Hall, 554 Washington street.

On Friday, the 29th, there will be a Convention with three sessions, in Tremont Temple. The morning session will be devoted to a general consideration of the great religious problems of the time—speakers being engaged from as wide a range of religious sympathies and thought as it is possible to find persons of different religious views who are willing to stand together on the free, broad platform of the Association. The afternoon session will be given to free discussion on the question of Religious Organization, Worship, Cultus—the subject to be introduced by a Report on the present condition and tendencies of society in this respect. In the evening the topic for addresses and discussion will be the Relations of Religion to Philanthropy and Social Reforms—to be introduced likewise by a Report.

Arrangements are in progress for procuring an excellent list of speakers for the occasion; concerning which further particulars will be announced in the daily and weekly papers near the time. It is believed that the meeting will be of great interest and value, and it is hoped that it will be attended by persons who are interested in the objects it proposes, from all parts of the country.

WM. J. POTTER, Secretary.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Sixteenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene in Longwood meeting-house, near Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., on Fifth day, the 4th of Sixth month, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., and continue three days. The friends of "pure and undefiled religion"—the religion of humanity—whatever may be their theological views or their denominational relations, are cordially invited to participate in all the duties, privileges and pleasures of the occasion; to unite with us, not in "doubtful disputations" of creed and ceremony, but in the discussion of the living, practical, vital questions of the time, and in devising ways and means for a higher moral and spiritual culture, and for the universal dissemination of those principles of justice, purity and progress which find their best illustration in the teaching and example of Jesus of Nazareth. It is our aim to secure the highest advantages of religious association and fellowship, avoiding the narrowness of prescribed creeds and forms, and the petty ambitions and conflicts of sects. Accepting gratefully all of truth that has been revealed through the prophets and teachers of the past, we desire to keep our minds and hearts ever open to fresh manifestations of the Divine Will, believing as we do that God is as near to his children in this as he was in any past age, and that it is no less our privilege than it was that of men of the olden time to be quickened and led by the direct illuminations of his Spirit. It is our object to apply the truth, whether new or old, to every institution, law and custom of society, to the end that all unrighteousness and injustice may be abolished, and the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Strangers who feel attracted to a religious society like this are assured of a welcome not only to the meeting but to the homes of Progressive Friends.

Henry Blanchard, pastor of the Independent Universalist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is engaged to be present; and strong hopes are entertained of the attendance of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, J. L. Corning, pastor of the Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and other able speakers.

Persons wishing to communicate with the meeting by letter, should address Oliver Johnson, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

OLIVER JOHNSON,
ANNA MARY MARSHALL, } Clerks.

***The Cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad leave West Philadelphia for Longwood and vicinity every day at 7:15 A. M. and 4:50 P. M.

Special Notices.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he has established a PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY, and is prepared to execute all orders that may be in trusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43.

P. O. Box 1416, New York city.

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper in this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscrptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCIBERS.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subcribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subcribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,
No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

S. LASAR, NO. 80 CEDAR STREET, N. Y.

Notary Public for the State of New York, and Commissioner for States and Territories, etc., etc.

United States Passports secured within forty-eight hours from the time of application.

United States Internal Revenue business a speciality.

THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

WILDER'S PATENT
SALAMANDER SAFES,
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DEPOT, 8 COURTLANDT STREET,
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Bertini's Self-Teaching Catechism, 40 cts. Burrowes' Piano Primer and Guide to Practice. Improved Ed. 30 cts. Clark's Catechism, Enlarged Ed., 38 cts. Jousse's Catechism, New Ed., 25 cts. Lenhart's Elements, 50 cts. Knorr's Guide for Teacher's, 75 cts. Forde's Class Book, 40 cts. Tuner's Guide, 60 cts.

Miscellaneous Department.

WISDOM MISAPPLIED.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

If I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wings to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die;

I would not waste my strength on those.
As thou—for Summer hath a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily—

I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou, that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud;

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou, upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed;

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou, nor smooth my nostril plain,
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
Whose songs at shut-up window heard,
Like Love's sweet Yes too long deferred;

I would not overstay delight,
As thou, but take a swallow flight,
Till the new Spring returned to sight.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade,
As thus, methought, an angel said:

"If I were thou, who singst this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong;

I would not waste my cares, and choose
As thou—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

I would not work where none can win,
As thou, half way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within.

I would not let my pulse beat high,
As thou—towards fame's regality,
Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

I would not champ the hard cold bit,
As thou—of what the world thinks fit—
But take God's freedom using it.

I would not play earth's winter out,
As thou; but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

Then sing, O singer! but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as thou!"

HOW DIAMONDS ARE CUT.

In *Chambers' Journal* we find a readable account of "Diamond Cutting," as observed by the writer during a visit to Coster's famous mill in Amsterdam, Holland, in which country it is asserted that more than fifteen out of every sixteen diamonds are cut or polished.

According to this authority, it would seem that "The necessary operations are three. The initiatory one consists in cleaning the coarse stone of defective parts, and splitting off the flaws which most diamonds show in the rough state. It seems, according to the best lapidaries, that there are few diamonds without cavities or other flaws, indeed, the diamond, as a rule, is more foul than any other stone used in jewelry. The second operation is the cutting, which confers on the stone the form, and, in a rough way, the number of faces which it ought to have. Lastly, there is the polishing, which gives to these faces their clearness and brilliancy. In all these operations, the diamond must be firmly set in a tool, and successively undergo the file and scissors. The splitter, when he finds a flaw, commences his work by inserting the diamond into a fusible cement, which hardens extremely as soon as it is cold, and supports the stone with the requisite solidity. This cement is lodged in a kind of cup at the extremity of a solid handle, which the workman holds in one hand; he then takes in the other hand a second like instrument, furnished with a diamond recently cut, the edge of which projects sharply outside. Supporting the two tools on the border of a box, placed before him on the table, he communicates to them a see-saw motion, and by rubbing on one of the stones the sharp edge of the other, he soon makes a slight cut, which suffices him to introduce a sharp-edged blade, which he strikes lightly, in order to separate the two pieces. Some stones, I was told by the workmen, could not be split in the usual way, in consequence of the risk of destroying them by the operation.

"These are sawn with a finely-tempered bow-saw, moistened with olive oil, and sprinkled over with diamond-dust. The splitter, or diamond-trimmer, is much assisted by the natural formation of the stone, which has its line of cleavage well defined. The cleaner, or cutter, has similar instruments to those of the splitter. After having inserted in his pair of tools two diamonds of bulk nearly equal, he uses the one for working a face on the other by rubbing with force. When he has thus finished a face on each of the stones, he softens the cement by slightly heating it on a gas-lamp, and then, turning the gem, he commences the next face, and so goes on. Like the splitter, he supports the stone on a little rectangular box, into which the powder falls, which is afterward used in the polishing. This cutter only forms about one-half of the required faces on any given stone, leaving it to his successor, the polisher, to form the remainder. The cutter only rough-hews the gem; the polisher is the artist who gives it its final shape and lustre. This operation requires a certain muscular effort, and the cutter requires to protect his hands by thick gloves of skin. The box over which the splitter works is provided with a double bottom, the first of which is pierced with holes like a sieve; the powder of the diamond resulting from the rubbing falls into a second compartment, and the larger fragments rest on the sieve, where they can be easily collected, in order to be cut in their turn. The fragments obtained in cutting large stones are sometimes of great value. The chips from one large diamond I have read about were valued at eight thousand pounds. The powder or diamond-dust, is always burned before being used, in order to cleanse it from oil or any particles of the solder which is necessary to fix the stone. When a cutter or polisher examines his stone by placing it on his tongue, he first carefully dusts the gem with a camel-hair brush, in order to collect the fine powder, which is of such value in cutting and polishing.

"After coming out of the hands of the cleaner, the diamond has the form, and, perhaps, a third of the number of faces which it ought to have, but its surface is so harsh and irregular that it requires the polishing to give it finish and brightness. The wheel on which the polishing is accomplished is a turn-table of iron, technically called 'a schyff,' solidly fixed in the middle of a table, and is so arranged as to be of extremely rapid rotation (from two to three thousand revolutions per minute.) The metal turn-table receives the diamond-powder, and reduces it to an impalpable state; it is constantly moistened with olive oil, which softens the friction, and prevents the powder from being projected outside by the centrifugal force. The diamond which is to be polished is set no more in the fusible cement, but in an alloy of lead and tin, to which is given the form of a round cone, of which the stone occupies the summit. The whole is lodged in a spherical cup, which covers one-half, and which is terminated by straight a stem. This stem is seized between the claws of a pincer, and the face of the diamond to be polished is held down with weights of lead, for maintaining the apparatus in a proper position, and augmenting the adherence and friction. The weights vary considerably, running from two to thirty pounds, according as the face required is to be small or large. The operation either for large or small stones is much the same; the worker is generally able to conduct the polishing of several stones at the same time. The operation of polishing usually takes very long, and requires the exercise of extreme patience: the cutting of certain large diamonds continues for many months.

"The art requires that the cutter should have extraordinary skill for working the stones, of which the smallest often do not reach to the size of a pin-head. Nothing equals in this respect the skillfulness of the workers of Holland, and one is quite confounded when one sees stones of such small dimensions cut into twenty-four faces perfectly equal and regular. Some of the stones operated upon at Coster's are so small that it takes hundreds of them to weigh a carat! This is not, however, the only difficulty the diamond-cutter has to surmount; it is the cleaner who has to make choice of the form to be given to each particular stone. It is he who must decide, after a minute examination, how each particular diamond ought to be cut, whether a brilliant or a rose; he determines the choice by an endeavor to lose as little matter as possible. But this is not all. It is necessary that he should recognize at the first glance in what way it is convenient to attack the stone, which is not an easy matter, for if his measures have not been well taken, it may, perhaps, occur that twenty-three faces having been already cut, the twenty-fourth would require to be cut on an imperfect part of the stone; and so it be found impossible to continue. The cutters and polishers are often thrown out by finding unexpected flaws in the stones, as they proceed with their work. The color, too, often changes, so that sometimes it is quite impossible to tell how a diamond may turn out; and, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, one portion of the stone may sometimes prove to be a great deal harder than another part; and if, while cutting, the diamond be allowed to remain too long on the schyff before being taken off to cool, it might melt the lead in which it is set, and so, by changing its position, do very serious injury to the stone.

Many of the bits split off the larger gems, in the process of cutting and polishing, form admirable stones for rings, pins, etc. It is wonderful how small some of the diamonds are that go through Coster's mill, and still more wonderful that they can be cut at all, far less have a score of faces put upon them. Some of the men, I was told, occasionally fall in love with a fine stone, and linger over it in the cutting and polishing with positive devotion. The masters find it politic to interrupt these men in their labor by a change of work. If a man falls in love with such a fine gem as the Star of the South, he is set to work at some dealer's stock brilliants, and allowed to go on with them for a time. The best workmen earn large wages, considerable gratuities being sometimes given by Monsieur Coster for the cutting of particular stones. The demand for precious stones of all kinds, and particularly diamonds, has greatly increased during late years, and, coupled with the growing scarcity of the gem—most of the present mines being comparatively unproductive—has, of course, tended to raise the price of these valuable adamantine bits of carbon, so that now they can be purchased only by very wealthy people."

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue.
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hill of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught
No added charms thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem the winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west wind of Spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within:
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin.
Fill brief or long my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

—Atlantic Monthly.

There is a farmer at Mentz who pays great attention to bees and owns a great many hives. He exerts such influence on his bees that all his swarms enter his window every morning as soon as he opens it, as if to bid him good morning. They never alight, but buzz and fly around his head until he bids them alight, which he does by a sign, by holding out his arms. They alight on them and he looks as if he wore a pair of immense muffs. When the servant announces breakfast, they immediately quit his arms, without being told and cover the table, avoiding the dishes and plates. When he sits at the table he orders them to the hive, but before going they all light in turn on his face to kiss him, and when all of them have touched his face the swarms retire. This sounds "fishy," but the paper from which we translate it is a grave newspaper and vouches for its truth.

THE CHIFFONIER.

BY W. W. S.

I am a poor Chiffonier!
I seek what others cast away!
In refuse heaps the world throws by,
Despised of man, my trade I ply;
And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,
And fragments broken, stained, and torn,
I gather up, and make my store
Of things that dogs and beggars scorn.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

You see me in the dead of night
Peering along with pick and light,
And while the world in darkness sleeps
Waking to rake its refuse heaps;
I scare the dogs that round them prowl,
And light amid the rubbish throw,
For precious things are hid by foul
Where least we heed and least we know.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

No wretched and rejected pile,
No tainted mound of offal vile,
No drain or gutter I despise,
For there may lie the richest prize:
And oft amid the litter thrown
A silver coin—a golden ring
Which holdeth still its precious stone,
Some happy chance to me may bring.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,
Were in a loom of wonder made,
And beautiful and free from shame
When from the Master's hand they came.
The reckless world that threw them off
Now heeds them only to despise:
Yet, ah! despite its jeer and scoff,
What virtue still within them lies!
I am the poor Chiffonier!

Yes! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,
These ruined rags you pass in scorn,
This refuse by the highway tossed,
I seek that they may not be lost:
And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,
And purified and purged from stain,
Renewed in beauty they shall rise
To wear a spotless form again.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

—Blackwood's Magazine.

THORVALDSEN.

The Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen, was of Icelandic origin; and in times of old, doubtless, so noble a genius, had his countrymen then been such lovers of statues as the old Greeks were, would have been declared to be a son of the Scandanavian god, Thor, only Thor was by no means so celebrated for his constructive as for his destructive genius.

The father of Thorvaldsen was a poor carver of ship's heads at Copenhagen, who had great difficulty in cutting out a lion's head so as to resemble anything else than a poodle. The family had been known and respected in Iceland for no less than nine generations. The carver was sent to Copenhagen to provide for himself, when only seventeen years old, but he never rose out of poverty; and, notwithstanding his son's celebrity even before his father's death, the old carver died in an asylum among cripples and other disabled poor.

The young sculptor—whose Christian name, if he was ever christened, is actually unknown, although being usually called Bertel, it was believed to have been Alberto, or Carlo Alberto—was born at Copenhagen, on November 19th, 1770. In his youth he had no school education whatever, and it was not till he was thirty-five years old that he began to study the Danish grammar. His father, however, would appear to have taught him reading and writing—at least, his autographic productions strongly resembled those of his father, but we have known many instances in which a son's handwriting was very like his father's although not taught by him to write. Bertel Thorvaldsen, while a youth, worked with his father as a carver, and was very useful to him in "developing" the poodle genus into the genus *leo*. Hence, it was with no great good-will his father allowed him to cultivate his peculiar genius for statuary in any other way than ship-head carving. There were discriminating persons in Copenhagen, however, who induced the father, who seems really to have had more affection for his son than the son afterwards showed for the father, to allow Bertel to go to the Arts Academy School, which cost nothing, and for which the father had no means to pay had it cost anything. In 1781 Bertel was admitted to the first "Sketching Class," and in 1782 he was promoted to the second—a very unusual thing, it was considered, for a boy who was only twelve years old to accomplish. Bertel was allowed to attend the Academy classes; and in 1786 he was removed to the Modeling School, and here, for the first time, began to study from nature and to work in that substance wherein his most famous pieces were subsequently executed. One of the academical professors, Nicholas Abildgaard, the artist, attracted by the rare talents of his pupil, took great pains with him, and was ever afterwards of much use to Thorvaldsen. When a lad of sixteen he gained the small silver medal, which was regarded as something remarkable, and induced the provost, whose brother was Secretary to the Academy, to honor him with the title of "Monsieur Thorvaldsen," of which title the young artist was almost as proud as he was of the medal; and amongst all his subsequent titles and his crop of medals he never forgot the compliment of the provost.

In 1789, Thorvaldsen gained the large silver medal of the Academy for a *bas relief* of "A Sleeping Cupid," a work which is preserved in the Academy, and betrays, it seems, evident marks of Abildgaard's instruction.

In 1790, Thorvaldsen first appeared before the public as a statuary at the request of a schoolfellow, Nicolas Wolff, who commissioned him to model three statues representing the tutelary deities of Sweden and Norway for a triumphal arch. Thorvaldsen at the same time executed a portrait medallion of the Crown-Princess Maria Sophia Frederica, for whose entry into Copenhagen the arch was erected. A plaster-worker, named Regoli, induced the lad to sell him the portrait for a trifle, and multiplied it in plaster for sale to his own advantage.

Thorvaldsen had great reluctance to risk his examination for the small gold medal of the Academy. He tried to "keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down" while about to enter on his preliminary task of sketching "The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple;" but he fairly ran away, and was brought back by one of the professors, and in less than four hours produced a sketch which met the entire approval of the examiners; the model from this gained him the gold medal on the 15th of August, 1791.

His reputation thus became widely extended, and procured for him many powerful friends and patrons. On the 14th of August, 1793, the great gold medal was awarded him for a bas-relief of "Peter Healing the Lame Man." This entitled him to a travelling stipend for three years on the continent; and of this privilege he eventually, but somewhat reluctantly, and much against the inclination of his parents, availed himself by going to Rome. In the interval, however, he earned a competence by painting portraits, which were much sought after. He also devoted a good portion of his time in making mirror-frames with his father, and in executing vignettes for book-sellers. His friend Abildgaard also procured him employment in modeling several bas-reliefs and statues for the new palace at Copenhagen. His method of working was peculiar, and seems to have attracted the notice of *savans*. Instead of first modeling them, as was usual, in clay, and afterwards taking a plaster cast, he would gradually build them up from the base with stones and stucco—a composition the more difficult to work on account of its drying so speedily. A Swedish sculptor went to see Thorvaldsen's workmanship on this occasion, and asked how he executed such beautiful figures. "With this," replied Thorvaldsen, curtly and simply, holding up his scraper.

"Thorvaldsen is now at Rome! God be with him! He is a good fellow, but an idle dog." Such was the remark made by the captain of the vessel in which he sailed to Rome, when writing to his wife. No doubt, Thorvaldsen was in the continued habit of lounging about the decks, with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, staring at nothing in the far-off horizon or the azure sky, which his busy brain, however, was then, to a certainty, peopling with the numerous gods and goddesses of his laborious future; or leaning lazily over the gunwale, and down into the blue depth of the ocean, where statues swam about before his mind's eye as the fishes did before his unheeding outward vision. The wonderful list of this "idle dog's" sculptural works, comprising no less than five hundred separate items, each item often comprising a whole group or a number of duplicates of sculptured figures, amounting in all, we should think, to not far short of a thousand distinct forms of sculpture, gives a striking commentary on an idle phrase, by the use of which the world are but too apt to stigmatize the habits of those sons of genius whose ways are not as their ways, and who do not jog on in the ordinary grooves of worldly wisdom.

Thorvaldsen's self-dependent consciousness of inward power, as well as his diffidence, were manifested on his arrival at Rome by the fact, that of all the numerous letters of recommendation he had brought with him he only presented one, that to his archæological fellow-countryman, Zoega, whose influence, however, was both great and beneficial. Perhaps his natural lowness of spirits may have conduced towards his reluctance to make use of his letters of introduction. He hired a studio in Strada Babuina, previously occupied by Flaxman, but was shortly afterwards attacked by fever, and indeed to this disease he was repeatedly a martyr while in Italy. Love also, about this time, kept the lazy dog idle. He formed a *mesalliance* with a girl named Anna Maria Magnani, with whom he was associated for many years, and by whom he had a daughter, the only child he ever had. Rome about this time was in a very unsettled state, and Thorvaldsen did not make much pecuniary progress. The Copenhagen Academy took the matter into consideration and voted a further stipend to him for a year after the expiry of the three years of his travelling studentship. He had forwarded several works by that time to the Academy, and he now set to work on his afterwards famous "Jason with the Golden Fleece." He broke up his first model, however, but rapidly produced another, in clay, larger than life-size.

This was 1803. Canova was much struck with the excellence of the design, and it excited general admiration. The year, however, expired without any material improvement in the sculptor's prospects, and he prepared to return home, but on the very day of his departure a valet came into his studio, and told him that an English gentleman was waiting outside, and very much desired to see his statue of "Jason." Mr. Hope was the man, who restored hope to Thorvaldsen. He asked him to name his price for "Jason" in marble. Six hundred zecchinos, or £300 was the price. Mr. Hope at once agreed to this, remarking that the remuneration was but small for so large a work—so great a work, he might have said. He paid 300 scudi, or or about £63 in advance; and thus it was that, Thorvaldsen's portmanteau was unstrapped from the vetturino's conveyance, and he became for many a long year a citizen of Rome. His difficulties, however, may be said to have only now begun; he had to purchase the marble for "Jason" at Carrara, and that cost 650 scudi. Other and minor orders flowed in, however, and he struggled on, while his fame as the designer of "Jason" went forth, and connoisseurs hailed him as the regenerator of the long-lost antique art. It was at least eight years, nevertheless, ere he acquired anything like distinction as a sculptor. This was partly owing to repeated attacks of fever, and also partly to political causes. It is painful to find Thorvaldsen's father telling him by letter, after this, from the asylum, that Herr Abildgaard was his only friend, and had lent him ten dollars to pay the expenses of Bertel's mother's funeral, which he had hard work to pay back; and the poor old man adds—"God knows what my burial will be."

Oehlenschlager, the renowned tragic author, thus describes Thorvaldsen as he saw him previously to the summer of 1810, in his studio, whither he went to inspect the statue of "Jason." "As I stood absorbed in gazing at it," he says, "I became aware of the presence of a man very meanly dressed. His countenance was remarkable for regularity and intellectual expression of his features, and for the deep blue of his eyes. He stood beside me, with his boots be-spattered with clay, and regarded me with evident attention."

Commissions poured in from all quarters, and Thorvaldsen never hesitated to undertake them, reckless of the circumstances that not even his "Jason" had yet been executed; and, although no one would have now called him an idle dog, he certainly exposed himself to the charge of being an ungrateful one; for it was only after repeated sharp reminders, and not till twenty-four years after Mr. Hope had given him the order for "Jason," that the statue was executed. He did make amends, however, by unexpectedly sending, along with "Jason," in 1828, a bust of one of Mr. Hope's children, and another of his valuable works. Moreover, a "Jason" executed at that time was at least worth as many thousands as Mr. Hope had paid hundreds for it.

It was not till 1838 that Thorvaldsen finally left Italy, and returned, greatly renowned, to his native country, where he was received as if he had indeed been a son of Thor. Forty-one years of his life were thus spent in Italy. He died in 1843, expiring suddenly while at his favorite resort, the theatre. In 1848 his remains were removed from the Frue Kirk to the museum which he had founded in Copenhagen, and which was then completed.

Builder.

Not Easily Satisfied.—Mr. Young supplies the following story of a student in theology: "A simple country lad," he says, "went up for examination previous to receiving his first communion. The pastor, knowing that he was not very profound in his theology, began by asking him how many commandments there were, to which he cautiously replied, 'Aiblins (perhaps) a hunner.' The pastor, of course, told the youth that he must wait and learn more. On his way home he met a friend, and on learning that he, too, was going to the manse for examination, shrewdly asked him, 'Weel, what will ye say, noo, if the minister speers hoo mony commandments there are?' 'Say! why, I shall say ten, to be sure. To which the other triumphantly replied, 'Ten! Try him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he was na satisfeed.' This story was related to the Dean by a minister of the Established Church who had the names of place and persons."

SOME CELEBRATED SLEEPERS.

Well do I remember, as a child, contemplating with wondering awe the great Kyffhauserberg, in Thuringia, for therein, I was told, slept Frederic Barbarossa and his six knights. A shepherd once penetrated into the heart of the mountain by a cave, and discovered therein a hall where sat the Emperor at a stone table, and his red beard had grown through the slab. At the tread of the shepherd, Frederic awoke from his slumber, and asked, "Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?" "Sire, they do." "Then we must sleep another hundred years." But when his beard has wound itself thrice round the table, then will the Emperor awake with his knights, and rush forth to release Germany from its bondage, and exalt it to the first place among the kingdoms of Europe. In Switzerland slumber three Tells at Rutli, near Vierwaldstatter-see, waiting for the hour of their country's direst need. A shepherd crept into the cave where they rest. The third Tell rose and asked the time. "Noon," replied the shepherd lad. "The time is not yet come," said Tell, and lay down again. In Scotland, beneath the Eilden hills, sleeps Thomas of Erceldoune; the murdered French who fell in the Sicilian Vespers at Palermo are also slumbering till the time is come when they may wake to avenge themselves. When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, a priest was celebrating the sacred mysteries at the great silver altar of St. Sophia. The celebrant cried to God to protect the sacred host from profanation. Then the wall opened, and he entered, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. It closed on him, and there he is sleeping with head bowed before the Body of our Lord, waiting till the Turk is cast out of Constantinople, and St. Sophia is released from its profanation. God speed the time. In Bohemia sleep three miners deep in the heart of the Kuttenberg. In North America, Rip Van Winkle passed twenty years slumbering in the Catskill mountains. In Portugal it is believed that Sebastian, the chivalrous young monarch who did his best to ruin his country by his rash invasion of Morocco, is sleeping somewhere; but he will wake again to be his country's deliverer in the hour of need. Olaf Tryggvason is waiting a similar occasion in Norway. Even Napoleon Bonaparte is believed among some of the French peasantry to be sleeping in a like manner.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.*

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.

Here, it is here—the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine;
I hear the roll of ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger,
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last but a moment longer.

O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?
And shall I live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so—so be it!

O, Summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies;
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,
I hate the spites and the follies.

Once a Week.

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*** All communications are to be addressed to The Radical, Boston, and all correspondence relating to the business of the Magazine to the undersigned.

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